Mary Proby. - Given me by my beloved Father. 1803. -

1508/1034.

# MENTAL PLEASURES,

OR,

## *SELECT ESSAYS, CHARACTERS, ANECDOTES, and POEMS.*

By the Author of Pleasing Reflections.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
63
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# MENTAL PLEASURES,

OR,

## *SELECT ESSAYS, CHARACTERS, ANECDOTES, and POEMS;*

EXTRACTED CHIEFLY FROM

## FUGITIVE PUBLICATIONS,

AND CALCULATED

## To IMPROVE AND ENTERTAIN THE MIND.

WITH

OCCASIONAL NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

---

BY THE AUTHOR OF PLEASING REFLECTIONS, &c.

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*UTILE DULCI,*

---

Of all the Pleasures that engage Mankind,
None can exceed the Pleasures of the Mind;
To Mental Pleasures then let all attend,
For they Amusement with Instruction blend. G. W.

---

LONDON:

Printed for A. HAMILTON, Russell-Court, Covent-Garden.

1791.

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## ERRATA in VOL. II.

Page 51, last line in erred, read *interr'd.*
——100, last line but 5 adoded, read *adorn'd.*
——150, last line tirely, read *intirely.*
——184, last word in the note questions, read *question.*

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# MENTAL PLEASURES,

OR,

# *SELECT ESSAYS*, &c.

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

## ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY. A SOLILOQUY.

*Redeem the Time because the Days are Evil.*

ANOTHER year is added to my life, and I am permitted to begin a *new* one; how many the past year have been called out of time, and launched into the bottomless ocean of eternity; while I am still (to carry on the allegory) a probationary mariner in the ship called *this world*, sailing along the river of *time*, and bound for the welcome port (I trust, through sovereign grace) of *everlasting life* *! O may a grateful sense of



* These reflections, though particularly calculated for a *new year's* day, will be equally suitable every *morning*, only changing the word *year* to *day*.

the Almighty's sparing mercy and unmerited goodness be indelibly imprest upon my soul, while I, through the aid of his Holy Spirit, *live* as well as *speak* my great preserver's praise.

How many dangers have I escaped? through how many difficulties have I been carried? How many favours have I received from Heaven the *past* year? Well may I join with Mr. Addison in saying

> When all thy mercies, O my God!
> My rising soul surveys,
> Transported with the view I'm lost
> In *wonder*, *love*, and *praise*.

But, while I reflect on the goodness and long suffering of God towards me, I would not forget, nor would I but mourn the *sins* of the past year with humiliation before him:—yes, I know myself to be a sinner against Heaven, and in the sight of my Creator; I have forfeited every mercy and favour he bestows, and am daily obnoxious to his just wrath and indignation: may I be enabled, for the ensuing year, to love him more, and serve him better, than I have done the year past.

I HAVE begun *another* year, but cannot tell that I shall see the end of it—no; I may be in eternity

eternity before the half of it is expired, or even before the close of another *hour* *, What should these reflections, solemn, important, and interesting as every one must acknowledge them to be, dictate and enforce? but to be always ready for my last, great change, and live each year as well as every hour, as though I thought it would be my last :—the world, with all its pleasures, business with all its cares, ambition with all its titles, and the trifling amusements of time and sense, may and do engage the attention, and divert the minds of thousands, while the concerns of the immortal soul, and an eternal world, are disregarded, or contemned, as subjects fit only for *Methodists* or madmen to attend to—more the pity.

TIME will soon be over with respect to all upon earth: one year after another is rolling over our heads, and we are daily hastening to the grave, *the house appointed for all living:* our fellow creatures around us, are continually dropping off the stage of life, like leaves at autumn †, and we ourselves must ere long go the way of all flesh, and



* *We stand in jeopardy every moment.*

† On this side and on that, men see their friends
Drop off like leaves in autumn - - - - -

BLAIR'S GRAVE.

appear before God in judgement*; let us, then, be concerned to improve the passing moments, in preparing for our awful summons into an *eternal* world beyond the grave, where days, weeks, months, and years, will be known no more for ever.———— W.

## ON TRUE HAPPINESS. AN ESSAY.

*Content and Virtue make our Bliss below:*

HAPPINESS, or, in other words, the true felicity of life, does not consist in a large share of the gifts of fortune, as many blindly imagine—far from it,—no opinion can be more preposterous, than to think that the happiness of a rational creature depends on things so precarious, and subject to such vicissitudes. It is equally as preposterous to imagine that happiness consists in sensuality; for all events of sensuality, which are often, though erroneously, called *pleasure*, carry with them their respective and peculiar evils.

TRUE

* Romans, 14. 12.

TRUE happiness consists in our rightly understanding and constantly performing our duty to God, and our fellow creatures. And surely, if instead of blind passion, we follow Reason, as our guide, assisted by divine revelation, she would soon lead us to understand, and practise, the duties on which our real felicity depends.

THE first object she will conduct us to, after we have submitted ourselves to her direction, is true *wisdom*, that reasoning faculty that discriminates between good and evil, and points out what should be chosen, and what rejected; it consists of knowledge and judgement, conducted by prudence and discretion: it is a judgement not founded on the common opinion of things, but on their *real*, their intrinsic value.

As soon as we are perfectly acquainted with Wisdom, she will conduct us to *Religion* and *Virtue*, from whose benign smiles we shall acquire so perfect a tranquillity of mind, that no condition, no change of fortune, can either elevate or depress. This tranquillity consists in a filial fear and love of God, and an absolute government of the passions and appetites; is always steady and collected; contented in itself, amidst all the blessings and afflictions we may either enjoy or

suffer, in this chequered vale of mortality. It may even be considered as an infallible antidote against the depressions of calamity, as it will inspire us with a certain greatness of mind, which is at once invincible and invulnerable. Piety and Virtue, therefore, may well be stiled an inexhaustible fund of the most delicious and refined delights.

THE testimony of a well-spent life is a good conscience; and a continual feast of more than mere mundane felicity; allotted by Providence for a virtuous mind to enjoy, in this present sublunary sphere.

WERE it possible to view, as in a glass, a mind fraught with these inestimable blessings, reason, wisdom, piety, virtue, and a good conscience; with what beauty, what majestic dignity should we discover it arrayed? We should even view it with a reverential veneration.

AS every creature of the *human* species, is, in a greater or less degree, endowed with that noble faculty of reason, how lamentable is the consideration, that they should, as they too frequently do, neglect and slight her friendly aid, and rely upon that treacherous pilot Passion, who steers them into the greatest embarrassments, incon-

inconveniences, and even distresses, and often wrecks them upon the shoals of ruin and destruction.

## INDEPENDENCE INCOMPATIBLE WITH HAPPINESS.

*Man was not born for Rest but Labour.*

IT is a great mistake to suppose that a state of Independence is necessary to Happiness. Experience might convince us that an obligation to the constant but *moderate* exertion of our faculties, even for support, at least for our *easy* support, is generally most favourable to the real enjoyment of life, both because it is a greater obligation to Virtue, and because it enforces a regular exercise, without which we should be a prey to langour and wearisomeness, which are more insupportable than bodily labour, or than any other kind of anxiety; for the mind really suffers more in a state of suspence and uncertainty what to do, and how to get the time over, than in any other situation whatsover *.

IN

* In this respect the curse denounced on Adam's fall, *In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread*, appears a blessing.

In a long course of time, when a person has no sufficiently interesting pursuit, this wearisomeness often becomes intolerable; and it is, perhaps, more frequently the cause of suicide, from life becoming insupportable, than all the other causes of it put together.

## ON THE USE OF THE PASSIONS.

### AN ESSAY.

*Good Servants, but bad Masters.*

HAPPINESS, no doubt, is the universal goal of all mankind; it is indeed an *ignis fatuus*, that bewilders us in all our pursuits; we have it constantly in our view, but can never grasp it.—Our ideas of the possession of objects are greatly exaggerated by their distance: the nearer we approach them, the more we appreciate their *just* value, and at length find,

The very wish is in *possession* lost.

It argues too much of misanthropy to say there is nothing in this world worth living for: this is the doctrine of *suicide*, and I would ask in return, "What is there worth dying for?" The man, who puts an end to his own life disavows by that

that very act a *future state*, so that his only aim must be annihilation: what a chaotic perspective! what a nothingless desire for a rational, a thinking, an inquisitive being! The thought is mean, dastardly, and unworthy of a man*.

OUR misfortunes can never be so great, our infirmities can never be so insupportable, but what Providence may interfere, and restore us to affluence and health: but it is somewhat remarkable that among the number of those that have put a period to their own lives, few, if any, have been in remarkable distress, or overwhelmed with disease: the nearer a distempered man approaches death, the more unwilling he is to meet the grim tyrant.

IT may seem that I have somewhat wandered from my subject, but I believe the reader will presently perceive the clue I am pursuing. Such rash deeds are usually the effects of too greatly indulging our passions; in this as well as in many other respects they are pernicious, baneful, and dangerous.

THOUGH

---

* Nature's first wish is *endless* happiness;
*Annihilation* is an after thought,
A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue dies.

YOUNG.

THOUGH the passions are absolutely necessary to excite us to action, and prevent our falling into a lethargic state of insensibility; it must be allowed that if our conduct is subject to no controul, and we give way to every breeze of appetite, we shall not only destroy our constitutions, be they ever so athletic, but also our fortunes, however great. The chief object of our lives then should be, the guidance of our passions, the subordination of our wishes, and the limitation of our desires. The good, the amiable, the lovely things of this world, may all be enjoyed with prudence, without being pernicious to our welfare.

IT is not the use, but the *abuse* of our passions that can be fatal—they were implanted in us for the noblest and most laudable purposes. Glory, honour, and wealth, would be insipid, and without a meaning, were they not to recommend us, in the career of life, to the attention of the fair, and to the approbation of the good, virtuous, and discerning few.

---

THERE is a great propensity in both sexes to delight in each other. The libertine part of the world imagine, that this strong bent of nature is a sufficient

sufficient excuse for all the irregularities it occasions; not considering, that thus they rank themselves with those brute animals, who have no other principle of action, but natural instinct; and that one great use of reason by which we are chiefly distinguished from them, is to examine for what ends our passions, inclinations, and appetites were given us, and so regulate them as may best conduce to those ends; which, in general, are the preservation and perfection of our own being, and the benefit of society.

THEY who suffer their natural inclinations to run loose and unbridled, without the direction of that inward guide, which their being made *rational* creatures, capacitates them to follow, will be accountable to the Author of their nature, for the neglect, or misapplication of these faculties, passions, and propensities he has given them, and for all the consequences of such an abuse, whether to the prejudice of themselves, by disordering their frame of body and mind; or to that of their fellow-creatures, in any respect.

## ON MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS.

*Music has Charms to sooth the savage Breast.*

THE composer should constantly endeavour to express something, and not produce mere empty sounds, that strike the ear, but make not the least impression on the heart. When there is nothing in music but mere melody, it wants its most essential quality, it becomes a mechanical art; it dazzles but cannot affect the mind.

THIS is a reflection which the greatest part of modern composers never make. Charmed with the trick they have of marrying sounds that seem not to have been made for each other, they look for nothing more. The design of the polite arts is, however, to excite pleasing sensations in the mind; and of doing this, *music* is particularly capable. The tones are sufficient, alone, to affect the heart with the sensations of joy, tenderness, love, grief, rage, and despair. In order to do this, it is necessary to invent some theme or simple melody that is proper to express each passion or sentiment; to sustain that kind of language throughout the whole piece; to prepare the hearers, by degrees, for the principal action; and, lastly, to give that principal action, all the force of which it is susceptible.

ALL

ALL this is to be understood of the moral sensations, where it is scarce possible to imitate nature too closely; whereas a too minute imitation of material objects becomes cold and insipid. It is easy, for example, to comprehend a composer's meaning, when he begins a piece of instrumental music with a quick unison, which is followed by a tumultuous passage, performed principally by the bass, and which, in the midst of the greatest tumult, is sometimes suddenly interrupted by a general pause; and the whole piece, perhaps, ends abruptly, when, it was least expected. It is easy to perceive, that he here means to express the passion of rage. The pleasing sentiments are still more easily expressed, and more readily conveyed to the human heart.

THEY, who attend to the effects of a concert, and are capable of discerning, may easily discover, from the looks of the sensible part of the audience, the effects of the interior sensations. All this is meant of *instrumental* music alone; when the composer has *words* to express, it is still more easy to produce the proper tones. Examples are frequently more instructive than precept, we shall produce those of *one* only. All the sonatas, and other pieces of Corelli, are chief d'œuvres and models; every composer who care-

fully studies them, will find them of infinite utility, and by them form his taste.

It is not in performing difficulties, that the beautiful consists, Sooner or later nature will prevail; it is that which the composer should at all times consult, whether it be a concerto, sonata, trio, or any other piece that he composes for an instrument. A flute, for example, is a rural instrument, that is not capable of rendering passages in the manner of the violin, and it is striving against nature to attempt it. As every instrument, therefore, has its peculiar beauties, the composer should be well acquainted with them, and endeavour to afford opportunities in which they may be properly displayed.

## METHOD OF READING FOR IMPROVEMENT.

THE first rule to be laid down by any one who reads to improve, is never to read but with *attention*. As the *abstruse* parts of learning are not, in the general, necessary; I would class the subjects, of which persons ought not to be ignorant, under the following heads:

HISTORY.

HISTORY.
MORALITY.
POETRY.

The first employs the *memory*, the second the *judgement*, and the third the *imagination*.

WHENEVER you undertake to read History, make a small abstract of the most memorable events, and set down in what year they happened. If you entertain yourself with the life of a famous person, do the same by his most remarkable actions, with the addition of the year and place he was born at and died. You will find these great helps to your memory, as they will lead you to remember what you do *not* write down, by a sort of chain that links the whole history together.

BOOKS of morality deserve an exact and serious reading. There are none in our language more useful and entertaining than the *Spectators*, *Tatlers*, and *Guardian*. They are the standards of the English tongue, and as such should be read over and over again; for as we imperceptibly slide into the manners and habits of those persons with whom we most frequently converse, so reading, being as it were a silent conversation, we insensibly write and talk in the style of the

authors we have the most often read, and who have left the deepest impressions on our minds.

In order to retain what you read on the various subjects that fall under the head of morality, I would advise you to mark with a pencil whatever you find worth remembering. If a passage should strike you, mark it down the margin; if an expression, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the before-mentioned books, or any other which are written in the same loose and unconnected manner, make an asterisk over the first line. By these means you will select the most valuable parts, and they will sink deeper in your memory than the rest, on repeated reading, by being distinguished from them.

The last article is Poetry. The way of distinguishing good poetry from bad, is to turn it out of verse into prose, and see whether the thought is natural, and the words suitably adapted to it; or whether they are not too big and sounding, or too low and mean, for the sense they would convey. This rule will prevent you from being imposed on by bombast and fustian, which with many passes for sublime; for smooth verses which run off the ear with an easy cadence and harmonious turn, very often impose nonsense

nonsense on the world, and are like your fine dressed beauxs who pass for fine gentlemen. Divest both from their outward ornaments, and people are surprised that they could be so easily deluded.

## AMPLE DIRECTIONS FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF THE VOICE, BOTH IN READING AND SPEAKING. BY A LATE EMINENT PREACHER.

THERE is, in every voice, a certain pitch, or key, in which we can speak with the greatest energy and ease: whether it arises from the structure of the organs, or from the power of cultivation, we find an amazing variety in this natural pitch in different voices. Should a person of a nice discerning ear, attend to a number of people, even of the same sex, conversing together, he will scarcely find two of their voices exactly in unison. It is the office of every *public* speaker, to know precisely that peculiar pitch of voice which is most natural to him; he may discover it by the following method: let him fix upon any one sentence, and first pronounce it in

the very tone which he uses in conversation: let him preserve the same tone, but increase the exertion. At last he will find, that he can speak much louder and stronger, in the key of common conversation, than in any other. That is the medium of his voice. Nature directs us to speak in that tone which is the most graceful and easy: in short, if we wish to appear to advantage in any *public* address, we must divest ourselves of all our reading tones which we learned at school. These are generally much higher than our natural pitch: our own ear and judgement will direct us in that, which is the most proper.

BUT let it not be thought, that this rule for preserving the medium of the voice, is in the least inconsistent, with the use of a variety of different keys; no, by no means. We find, that although a singer can perform the same air of music, with great propriety, in many different keys, yet still there is one which may be called the *master*, or predominant tone, which is the most easy to himself, and most agreeable to others. That is the tone, whether he sings treble, tenor, or base, which is the medium of his voice. It is the same with speaking. It must be acknowledged, however, that an accomplished singer, or speaker, may exert his vocal powers with

with great command, in more keys than *one*. Those immediately above, or immediately below his medium, will be the most natural and pleasing.

BUT suppose a speaker preserves his voice in its proper pitch, will it not injure the harmony of his cadence and modulation? Quite the reverse. We observed juſt now, that a singer could perform the most varied and extensive piece of music in any particular key; why then may not the speaker, in the same key, introduce all the cadence and harmony which belongs to the graceful pronunciation of any one sentence? The modulation of a sentence is, in general, not so extensive as that of a song. Dionysius Hallicarnassus has observed, " that the voice, in speaking, never rises higher nor falls lower than three notes and a half." Be it as it will, we must grant, that if a singer can exert the most extensive modulations, and yet retain a medium, a *speaker* may certainly exert his modulations (which are much more confined) with equal ease. From these arguments it is very obvious, that to preserve the medium, and to speak in a monotony, are very distinct things. The one has no variation of tone, the other admits of every possible degree of it: if, therefore, the natural pitch of the voice

is

is consistent with the harmony of speech, it must evidently promote the propriety and command of it, and that for the following reasons.

THE true criterion of just speaking is, when each of the articulate sounds is uttered forcibly and distinctly: but we find, that whenever we go beyond our natural pitch, we lose the command of articulation: our tones are weak, shrill, and broken. Every excess of passion has a tendency to straiten the glottis, and render the voice more acute: this we may observe in the sharp, hurrying voice of anger, the plaintive wailings of grief, and the clear gliding warblings of joy. If, therefore, a public speaker is deeply animated with his subject, his voice insensibly ascends, and sometimes is carried to such a pitch, that he loses all command of it.

CICERO informs us, that when Gracchus, an eminent pleader at Rome, was in the vehement parts of his discourse, his voice became too high and squeaking; to remedy this inconveniency, he placed a servant behind him, with a pitch pipe in his hand, who at such a time, sounded a note in unison with the medium of his voice, on which he immediately descended to his usual sweetness. A speaker of a lively imagination finds a greater

difficulty

difficulty in retaining the proper key of his voice, than in any other branch of his art. His powers of sensibility are apt to hurry him beyond the command of reflection, or of just pronunciation. It was from that consideration that my Lord Bacon, in some part of his works, has advanced this very singular maxim, viz. that a public speaker should not in reality feel so deeply what he utters, but only *appear* to feel; because, if he is *really* affected to such a degree, the force of nature will over-power his faculties, and, perhaps, deprive him *altogether* of voice, as we observe in sudden frights, violent rage, melancholy tidings, &c. which sometimes produce convulsive, or even apoplectick fits.

ALTHOUGH this principle is, perhaps, carried too far, yet we find that there is no quality so difficult to be attained as the proper command of the medium of our voice, in the midst of the most animated emotions. How important then is the rule of the great Shakespeare! "That in the very torrent, tempest, and even whirlwind of our passion, we should acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." Our injunctions concerning the management of the voice, are not intended to curb the impetuosity of nature but to direct it properly. The whirlwind of passion

sion must still be allowed to rage: but *judgement*, all serene and watchful, should sit at the helm, conduct the blast, and prevent it from rising to an excess.

THE true end of eloquence is persuasion; but when we behold a speaker so agitated by the enthusiasm of his feelings, that he seems to have lost the command of his utterance, we regard him as under the influence of phrenzy or madness, and will scarcely allow ourselves to be affected by him: but when he gives way to all the strength of emotion, and, at the same time, preserves the propriety of speech and key, then it is that his animated address will appear the result of immediate conviction, and force its way irresistibly into our hearts. This rule concerning the management of the voice, is so little regarded, that almost one half of our public speakers are either destitute of variation of tone, or when they happen to be animated, they lose all command of their vocal powers.

TO prevent both these inconveniences, let the utmost care be taken of the tones of young persons when they are *learning* to read; then it is that the simple and natural mode of conversation is generally laid aside, and one adopted in its stead, which is imitative, affected, and artificial.

Amongst

Amongst other improprieties in cultivating the voice of children, there is none more pernicious than the custom of teaching them to read in a much higher key than when they speak.

I HAVE often observed a person, when conversing on some serious subjects, with the most agreeable propriety, take up a book, where perhaps, the same subject was treated. Mark the contrast: he begins to read. His voice is elevated two or three notes higher, and consequently sounds quite unnatural and affected.—Is it not strange, that we should imagine reading to be an exertion of the vocal powers different from speaking? If we use the same words, and are animated with the same feelings, should we not express ourselves in the same manner?

Whether we receive our ideas from the *ear*, as in conversation; or from the *eye*, as in reading; or from the *memory*, as in reciting; ought we not still to utter them in that pleasing variety and command, which simple nature directs.

## THE BENEFITS OF LEARNING IN RETIREMENT, AN ESSAY *. BY A LADY.

IT is not an observation of yesterday, that learning enlivens our capacities, strengthens our memory, enriches conversation, and is the best antidote against those numerous ills which poison the cup of temporal felicity. When directed to its proper end, it is the parent of virtue, and nurse of thought : Science is its offspring, and Wisdom its companion; and these fair daughters generally recline in the arms of peace.

PROVIDENCE leads us by different methods, to be useful in different ways ; and if he has not cast our lot in *active* life, persons who are happy in intellectual endowments, should not let their faculties rust, lest they incur that heavy punishment of becoming a burden to themselves.

LEARNING I esteem as a kind of treasury, or bank, which we may draw upon with ease. But whatever is a man's fortune, he cannot always command his *company* or *recreations*, when he

* See Deverell's Miscellanies.

he may his *book*; nor can he dismiss the former so much at his pleasure as the latter. Many of the arts are indeed good substitutes, and afford much pleasing entertainment. But then these objects of rational delight, can only be enjoyed in particular situations.

A HARPSICHORD or an organ; a piece of painting, sculpture, or statuary, cannot well be bounded within the narrow confines of a gentleman's pocket, which a *book* may, and be a right-hand friend at home, or a travelling companion abroad *; and contribute both to his entertainment and improvement, by harmonizing his mind, elevating his hopes, and soothing his passions.

RETIREMENT nourishes those habits and sentiments which reason dictates; and procures to the soul that sovereignty which is due to her; but which it is hard to secure in a free commerce with the world, which, like an arbitrary monarch, will usurp such power, that it frequently invades her rights.



* A Friend, a Book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom.

THOMSON.

EVERY species of learning has been deemed by ingenuous persons an improvement to human nature, but *that* knowledge is most excellent, which bears its wing to Heaven. The use of contemplation, and enlarged reading or study, may, at present, be veiled to our eyes, yet its utility may be great, and lead to some important use, of which we can at present have no idea; it being seldom known that youthful vivacity looks forward to those dark days, when we shall say, we have no pleasure in them *.

THERE are many persons in the world, whom Providence has blessed with affluence and leisure, for improving their minds, who are as totally illiterate as those whom fortune hath chained to the barren rock of rigid necessity! This class of beings may rather be said to *breathe* than live. They have not one spark of any thing liberal or useful to animate the mind, but slumber away their lives in a supine indolence, and only prove their existence, by the same arguments by which Alexander knew he was not a God, "by his propensity to *hunger*, *thirst*, *sleep*, and *intemperance* †.

"IN

* Ecclesiastes, xii. 1.

† Such persons surely have little reason to boast of the dignity of human nature

"In life's luxuriant prime, when young and gay,
With heedless joy we chace the hours away;
The growing manners these kind studies form,
Th' expanding mind with great ideas warm;
To virtue's noble paths the soul invite,
And yield at once both profit and delight.

When age, with swift-winged time advancing, spreads
His hoary mantle o'er our rev'rend heads,
These studies still a thousand pleasures give,
And teach us now to *die*, as once to *live*.
And when adversity around us lours,
And various evils in one torrent pours,
By these assisted we superior rise,
And all the threatning storms of life despise.
Or when prosperity, with chearing smiles,
Shortens our moments, and our thoughts beguiles;
The conscious heart through them new pleasure knows,
And with abundant blessings overflows.
To ev'ry golden hour new charms they lend,
By day amuse, and every night attend;
At home, abroad, their pleasures still we find,
To calm, to teach, and to direct the mind.

If we to fields or silent groves repair,
To taste the sweets, and breathe a milder air;
Attending constantly our steps they're found,
To shed their kindest influence around.
And though we leave our pleasing native home,
And through uncultivated desarts roam;
Around, a thousand joys these studies pour,
And make a wilderness *Pomona*'s bow'r.

TULLY.

## ON CONTENTMENT AND RESIGNATION. AN ESSAY.

*O be content where Heaven can give no more.*

Dr. YOUNG.

HAPPINESS, in this life, is aimed at by all men, but attained by very few; because they either have wrong notions of happiness, or take wrong steps to attain it, even when their notions are right. If, like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, they could learn in whatsoever state they are, therewith to be content, they would be happy indeed.

IN order to learn, or acquire contentment, we must first be well grounded in the belief of a divine Providence, superintending and governing all things. When we know, and believe, that God's Eye is over the whole Universe, directing or permitting all events, as in his infinite wisdom and goodness he sees fi; it will make us contented, whatevever our station or circumstances may be; it will teach us, like St. Paul, how to be abased, and how to be exalted; instruct us every where, and in all things, how to behave in prosperity and adversity, to be full and to be hungry, to abound, and to suffer want.

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In the sharpest afflictions, it will make us imitate the patience and resignation of Job; or if the wicked revile us, we shall take it meekly, as the royal Prophet did from Shimei, because God permitted it. The true Christian believes that all things work together for good to those who love God: he knows that the beneficent Creator of all things does not willingly grieve or afflict the work of his own hands; and in this belief he is always thankful, calm, serene, and resigned, under any dispensations of Providence; firmly trusting, that he, who is faithful and just to his promises, will not suffer frail man to be tempted above his strength, but in every temptation or trial, will either open him a door to escape, or enable him to bear it.

But it must not be supposed that contentment consists in an indolent temper, or a lazy disposition: so far from it, men of *this* character, are generally the most discontented; and, indeed, it can hardly be otherwise with them; since they are commonly the authors of the misfortunes or inconveniences they suffer; and for want of activity or industry, cannot remove the evils under which they are so impatient.

Poverty is, doubtless, not a state to be desired; and though a wise man will be content

nder it, yet he is ever ready to embrace every fair opportunity, and use every lawful means to better his condition; but rather than have recourse to indirect methods to supply his wants, he will chuse to die under his burthen, and quietly submit to the lot which he apprehends Providence has appointed him; if he not only enjoys the necessaries, but the conveniences of life too, he does not think it unlawful to seek more; but then he seeks it without anxiety, and always with a view to be more serviceable to his fellow creatures. If riches increase, he sets not his heart upon them, if they decrease, he repines not at the loss, knowing they serve only for *this* life, and that it is his duty to be in search of a more permanent treasure in Heaven. Such is the happiness a truly contented mind ever brings *.

SOME authors, vain of the natural reason of man, have affirmed the Christian and Heathen philosophy to be the same. The latter teaches us contempt for riches, and fortitude in misfortunes; but the former inspires us with a resignation to poverty, and patience under sufferings. *One* but increases the savage fierceness of man's nature

* That man is truly rich who wants no more,
Contented minds may smile when counted poor.

nature into a pride and stoicism above it; the *other* softens us into a spirit of humility and meekness, not below, but consonant to the imperfect state of man in this life.

WHILE men, either before, or during their ignorance of revelation, considered themselves only with regard to this life; perhaps the heroism of stoic philosophy might sufficiently answer the purposes of human nature in this confined view.

BUT of what use are virtues, sentiments, or affections, cultivated here, which can never be exerted in that state where there will be no pomp fit to contemn, or misfortunes to oblige us to suffer? the spirit of meekness and humility will sufficiently answer our ends here, and is the proper temper to prepare us for the enjoyment of divine love and contemplation, which are the chief occupations of the *blest above.*

All hail Content, blest joy below!
Which man could taste or Heav'n bestow,
For he who dwells beneath thy wings,
May smile at grief, and pity kings.

## JUST OBSERVATIONS ON THE MOST INTERESTING SUBJECTS, MORAL AND RELIGIOUS; DESERVING THE REMEMBRANCE AND REGARD OF ALL.

THE best evidence of a truly thankful heart to God, is endeavouring to improve to his glory and our own good, all those blessings, which we daily receive from him; nor can there be any thing more absurd, than for a man to pretend to give God thanks for his mercies with his *lips*, who does not also do it more to the purpose in his *life*.

Strive then to *live*, as well as *speak* his praise.

THE Creator of the world can be under no confinement to any place in it, for he is every where present, therefore let us be every where holy.

WE may lay this down as a certain principle, that God is in every thing we see, in every thing we enjoy, and in every thing we suffer.

I KNOW no duty in religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than a perfect submission to his sovereign will

will in all things; nor do I think any disposition of mind can either please him more, or become us better, than that of being satisfyed with all he gives, and contented with all he takes away; none, I am sure, can be of more honour to God, nor of more ease and comfort to ourselves.

We should manage our fortune as our constitution; enjoy it when good, have patience with it when 'tis bad, and never apply violent remedies, but in cases of real necessity.

Let not thy recreations be expensive, lest the pain of purchasing them, exceed the pleasure thou hast in the enjoyment of them. Most pleasures, like flowers when gathered, die.

It is equivalent to the enjoying of pleasures, not to stand in need of any.

God is as ready, as he is able, to do every thing that is needful for us; and without his permission and appointment no snare can entrap us, no calamity can befall us, nor no evil can approach to hurt us *.

The greatest pleasure on this side Heaven, lies in an even and serene, a calm, composed, and

* Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his permission.

and steady mind, that is inwardly at rest, and at leisure to enjoy all outward comforts; that hopes the best, and is prepared for the worst; enjoys the present, and is not anxiously concerned for the future; such a temper of mind is the greatest blessing God can bestow upon a man, because it gives a taste and relish to all other blessings.

THERE is reason enough why we should be well contented to die in *any* age of our life. If we are *young*, we have tasted the best of it: if in our *middle age*, we have not only enjoyed all that is desirable of life, but almost all that is tolerable. If we are *old*, we are come to the dregs of it, and do but see the same things over and over again, and continually with less pleasure and delight.

ACCORDING to the degrees of every man's holiness and virtue in this life, will be, it is *generally* believed, the degrees of his happiness in the next.

IT is likely the angels may know when we are coming home by death, before we know it ourselves; when the Death Warrant is given out, and when the guards are appointed to attend, and bring the soul safe into Abraham's bosom; and no doubt but the inhabitants of that blessed place do joyfully welcome them in.

DEATH is only a step to the righteous, from a transient life of woe and misery, to an endless life of peace and pleasure; attended with no fears but what are, or *ought* to be, swallowed up in the blessed expectation of a glorious eternity.

THERE are many who possess all the world can give, and yet *truly* enjoy nothing. Others, though they have nothing to disquiet them at present, and have all they can wish for, yet torment themselves, by raising sad prospects at a distance, and bringing within their view, all the calamities, which a warm imagination can frame and represent.

IT is some comfort to the poor afflicted sufferers upon earth, to the sick, the needy, and oppressed; that time will at length put a period to all their woes; and that place receive them, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

THE review of youthful pleasures declined for virtue or religion's sake, will afford a dying Christian far higher joys than their fruition would ever have afforded him.

A RESTLESSNESS in men's minds to be something they are not, and have something they possess

sess not, is the root of all the disquietude and immorality in the world. The shortest way to be rich, is not by enlarging our estates, but by contracting our desires.

THE contempt of riches is the greatest of treasures, devout prayer the most delicious entertainment, Jesus's blood the most prevailing advocate at the throne of Grace; self-denial the most exalted pleasure, and the conquest of ill habits the most glorious triumph.

RICHES and power invite the smoothness of flattery, but check the freedom of true friendship.

IT is the glory of *religion* to raise men above the misfortunes of life, to teach them to look with indifference on the pleasures of the world, and to submit with holy courage and resignation to those calamities, which no care can prevent, and no concern can cure.

WHAT God gives is for our comfort, what he denies or takes away is for our trial. Whatsoever comes to pass we may look up to God, and if it be good, acknowledge it with praise, if apparently evil, bear it with patience and resignation.

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IN the degree wherein we amend our tempers and ways, ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well, increasing in virtue, and abounding in the fruits of righteousness, in the same degree we are promoting our own true happiness.

MANY cares attend greatness; no crown is without thorns.

GOD doth set bounds to our *estates* as well as to our *statures*; and of *ourselves*, we are as little able to add one penny to the one, as one cubit to the other.

IF we had no faults ourselves, we should not take such pleasure in observing those of others.

LET our thoughts and actions towards God be pious, to our neighbour charitable, towards ourselves sober; and our present life will be peaceable, our memory praised, and our happiness eternal.

OUR natural and *real* wants are confined to narrow bounds*, whilst those which fancy and custom create, are confined to none.

THERE is not any benefit so great or glorious in itself, but it may be exceedingly sweetened and improved by the manner of conferring it.



* Man wants but *little*, nor that little *long*. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Goldsmiths Hermit

To mortify all our inordinate appetites and desires, to deny ourselves the sinful vanities and pleasures of this life, for the promise of an unknown happiness in the next; is our mystical dying to this world, leaving our native country, and following God into a strange and unknown land.

We are born to trouble, and we must die to be happy.

No man will ever be diligent in the pursuit of any thing of which he seldom thinks, and rarely considers the benefit of obtaining, and the evil of missing it. If, therefore, we are obliged to be diligent in our endeavours after eternal happiness; we ought to make the joys of Heaven and the torments of Hell, the subjects of our frequent thoughts and meditations.

Don't disturb yourself about the faults of other people, but let every body's faults lie at their own doors.

The good man that is departing out of time into eternity, looks on death with a composed countenance, and his approach to it is attended with both hope and pleasure; he considers it as the

the haven of his shattered bark; as the final period of all his troubles; and the agreeable passage, to a better, endless, and more welcome life; as it really is to all those that *die in the Lord.*

A RELIGIOUS confidence in God, will produce in the minds of good men, an inward tranquillity and peace, free from those disquieting passions and tormenting sorrows that work death, and those dispiriting fears and discouragements, which is the most unhappy, as well as most undutiful state of mind we can be found in. And, therefore, not only with respect to the other world, but even with regard to *this* life, they, and they *only*, may be pronounced truly blessed, who put their trust in the Lord.

THE things which God requires to be performed on our part, in order to our obtaining life everlasting, are firmly to believe those truths which he has made known in his word, which is called *faith*; and to observe those precepts which he has therein commanded, which is called *obedience*; and the sacred scriptures most fully assure us, that God will make sufficient allowance for the ignorance and frailty, and even the perverseness of our nature, and will not only be merciful to our weaknesses and ordinary failings,

but will pardon even our greatest sins, upon our true repentance of them, which is a principal part of our obedience.

When we are young, the opinion of the world governs us, and we study more to be well with *others* than with ourselves. Upon the verge of old age, we begin to find what is *foreign* to us less precious; and nothing so highly concerns us as *ourselves*, though we are on the point of seeing this self-care of little or no effect to our satisfaction.

It is with life as with all other valuable things we are thought to be possessed of; all is dissipated when we fancy our stock to be *great*; wisdom and prudence should teach us how to manage and improve the little that remains to us.

Young people are generally observed to be lavish of their time, because they believe they shall keep a long possession of it. We become more endeared to ourselves, the nearer we perceive the approaches of decay. However, in this languishing state, we may still preserve to ourselves some pleasures: but let us be aware of flattering the emotions of self-love: if we find all the sentimental springs of vice slackened, or even quite

quite decayed; to what must we attribute this change? To the weakness of a worn-out body, or to the moderation of a mind become wiser than it was before? The truth is, we have just reason to fear, that the alteration is more owing to the infirmities of *age*, than to the advantages of *virtue*.

A MAN might be happy by the entire exclusion of certain passions, and granting access only to some others. His days would thus dawn amidst the smiles of peace, and close with the sense of pleasure: his actions would be uninfluenced by *fear*, *sorrow*, *hatred*, and *jealousy*; he would desire without ardour, hope without inquietude, and enjoy without transport.

THE state of virtue is not a state without trouble; we suffer therein a constant debate between inclination and duty. Sometimes we receive what offends, sometimes we oppose what pleases us: finding it always painful to act as we are obliged in duty, and to abstain from what we are prohibited. But the state of Wisdom is easy and gentle; it reigns in peace over the motions of the soul, and governs as subjects, the sentiments Virtue fought against as enemies; so that there can be no internal combat between passion and reason.

Too many precepts cannot be laid down and inculcated for making men *just*; for they have naturally too great a propensity to be otherwise. It is justice that has established and preserves society: without justice, we should be still a vagabond multitude; and our impetuosities would throw us into that primitive confusion we are now happily extricated from.

When the Scripture speaks of the small number of the just, we are not to conclude from hence, that integrity of life is hard to be found among us; but that we are little inclined to act as we ought, through a principle of justice. If all the good that is commonly practised was carefully examined into, it would be found to be purely the result of *other* virtues; good-nature, friendship, and benevolence, claim their share in it. Charity flies to relieve the wants of a neighbour; liberality gives, generosity obliges.

Justice, which should take place in all respects, is rejected as a troublesome guest; and it is only necessity that gives it a share in our actions. Nature endeavours to please herself by qualities wherein we act by an agreeable motion; but she finds in justice a secret violence, as by it the rights of others requires what we do; which, to

add

add to our vexation, we must rather consider as an acquittal of our obligations, than that they remain indebted to us for any received benefit. It is also by a secret aversion for justice, that some chuse rather to give than to return, to disoblige than to acknowledge: thus we see, that the liberal and generous are not commonly the most just.

THOSE who are ruined by some accident of fortune are usually pitied by every one, because it is an unhappiness of the human condition to which all are subject; but those, who become miserable by a vain dissipation, are rather objects of contempt than pity; because they have brought misfortunes on themselves, by indulging some particular folly, which all think they are free from by the good opinion they have of themselves.

THERE are not so many ungrateful persons in the world as is generally believed; nor so many who may be said to be possessed of the true spirit of generosity. He who is silent, in regard to the favour he has received, may be reckoned undeserving of it. He, who publishes that which he has done, converts it into an injury. A good man should be a little nice in receiving, and gratefully

gratefully sensible of the obligation he has received. The person that obliges should be satisfied with the generosity of his action, without thinking of the gratitude of those whom he obliges. When he expects a return, the good he has done is no longer a liberality, but a kind of traffic which the spirit of interest was fond of intermingling with his favours.

THERE is something heroic in great liberality, as well as in great bravery; and these two virtues are so far alike, that the former raises the soul above the consideration of the riches of this world, and the latter extends courage beyond the care of life: But, notwithstanding these noble and generous impulses, if both are not kept under a proper regulation, the one will become ruinous, and the other fatal.

CURIOSITY excites us to enquire diligently what shall become of us after death. We are too fond of ourselves to consent to our entire destruction. Self-love secretly resists the opinion of annihilation. The will constantly supplies us with desires of being always; and the mind, interested in its own preservation, helps this desire with some light, in a thing of itself very obscure: yet the body, which sees that it must surely die,

as

as if it was unwilling to die alone, forms reasons for involving the *mind* in its ruin; but the soul, knowing that her action is independent of material organs, perceives that she can subsist without them. Some, to penetrate into so hidden a mystery, have called in, to assist their reflections, the knowledge of the ancients and moderns; but, after perusing every thing that has been written on the immortality of the soul, the most sensible proof, that can be found of it is, our constant desire of always being, or our natural dread of *annihilation*.

## SELECT MAXIMS, PROVERBS, AND ADAGES, RESPECTING LIFE AND MANNERS.

GREAT wants proceed from great wealth, and make riches almost equal to poverty.

HE who fears death, dies every time he thinks of it.

A MISER of *sixty* years old refuses himself necessaries, that he may not want them when he is an *hundred*.

IT is happy for human nature, that there are desires which cannot be satisfied. Otherwise the most

most sorry man would make himself master of the world.

To mispend time, is to lose it as much as by doing nothing.

We only hate the wicked through interest. If they did us no injury, we should look upon them with indifference.

To discern properly a fault in another, we should not have a like in ourselves.

The people most attached to life are almost always those who know least how to enjoy it.

The care we take for not suffering, causes more torment than we should find in supporting what we might be called to suffer.

There are people in the world, who by striving to pass for reasonable, make themselves more ridiculous.

By our luxury we have created more wants for ourselves, and consequently more miseries, than Heaven has conferred gifts on us.

The slowest in promising are usually the most faithful in performing.

True merit desires to be honoured only as it honours itself.

THERE is not a finer thread than that, on which hangs human life; the least blast may break it.

LIFE is enjoyed only by bits and scraps: every instant terminates its extent: when it exists, the past is no more, and the instant that follows is not yet. In this manner, we die without ever having been able truly to enjoy one instant.

BY the same reason that shades are necessary in a piece of painting, modesty ought constantly to accompany merit. It gives it more force and relief.

THE hypocrite who would fain imitate virtue, can only copy it in *water* colours.

I DOUBT whether a wise and sensible man would become young again on the same conditions he was once so.

THE prejudices of youth pass away with it; those of old age last only because there is no other period to be hoped for.

THE chief reason why some people speak so much is, because they like to hear themselves talk.

WE must not be astonished that we have so strong an inclination to idleness; it is the natural state of man, labour being esteemed a punishment.

THE

THE poor, condemned to the sweat of their brow and to fatigue, upbraid nature with the sloth of the rich; and the rich, tormented by passions, or devoured by disgust and irksomeness, envy the innocent pleasures of the poor.

TRUE religion has never perhaps suffered so much from the violence of persecutors, as from the folly and insincerity of those, who represent it as a frightful phantom by its rigours and austerities.

LET us not flatter ourselves in having a great many friends; a single reverse of fortune, may inform us of their *real* number. Riches may procure friends, but *adversity* tries them.

THERE are authors that take so much pains with, and polish so much their writings, that all they give to the public is nothing but dust and filings.

THE *first* faults alarm innocence; while those that follow, often cease to frighten her. Happy is that innocence which has not learned to fear, or has held to her *first* fears.

WE should less pity an ignorant person who knows nothing, than one who knows but indifferently what he has learned. It is much better to know a little thoroughly, than to know a great deal superficially

WE

WE seldom compare ourselves with others without giving ourselves the preference.

THE merit of great men is not understood but by those who are formed to be such themselves; genius speaks only to genius.

GREAT speakers resemble those musicians, who, in their airs, prefer noise to harmony.

WE may recover out of the darkness of ignorance, but seldom out of that of presumption.

TRUE valour braves danger without neglecting resources.

THE true courage of the hero is to forget the rank he has attained by his courage.

THOUGH justice is not sold, it costs a great deal, and one must be very rich to obtain it.

THE ignorance of vice is of more real service to savages, than the knowledge of *virtue* is to us becauſe we dont *practise* it.

BY doing nothing we usually learn to do ill.

To be in a passion is to punish one's self for the faults and impertinences of another.

DEATH is an asylum against the labours and troubles of this present evil world.

To *good* men, death is the gate of eternal bliss; to the *wicked*, it is an inlet to eternal woe.

A MAN's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world.

As unaccountable as we may think it, a wise man is not always a good man. Integrity of heart is preferable to the qualities of the head.

THE *entire* conquest of our passions is so difficult a work, that they who despair of it, should think of a less difficult task, and only attempt to *regulate* them.

PLEASURE, in itself harmless, may become mischieveous, by endearing to us a state which we know to be only transient and probatory, and withdrawing our thoughts from that, of which we are assured every hour brings us nearer to the beginning, and no length of time will bring us to the end.

MORTIFICATION is not virtuous in itself, nor has any other use, but that it helps to disengage us from the allurements of vice.

IN the state of future perfection to which we all aspire, there will be pleasure without danger, and security without restraint.

If we are firmly resolved to live up to the dictates of right reason without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal designs, we may go through life with steadiness and pleasure but, if we act by several broken views, and will not be only virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a value set upon it by the world, we shall live and die in misery and repentance.

## OPPOSITE CHARACTERS, TAKEN FROM LIFE.

THERE are men in the world, who are directed in all their actions by propriety, and by the general received notions of duty. They weigh, in the nicest scales, every claim that an acquaintance, a relation, or a friend, may have on them; and they endeavour to pay them, on demand, as they would a bill of exchange. They calculate their income, and proportion every expence; their passions and their affairs are always in excellent order; they walk through life undisturbed by the misfortunes of others; and when they come to the end of their journey, are decently in erred in a church yard.

THERE is another set of men, who never calculate; for they are generally guided by the *heart*, which never was taught arithmetic, and knows nothing of accounts. Their heads have scarcely a vote in the choice of their acquaintances; and, without the consent of the heart, most certainly none in their friendships. They perform acts of benevolence without recollecting that this is a duty, merely for the pleasure they afford; and, perhaps, forget them, as they do their own pleasures, when past. As for little occasional charities, these are as natural to such characters as breathing; and they claim as little merit for the one as the other; the whole seeming an affair of instinct rather than of reflection.

THAT the *first* of these two classes of men is the most useful to society; that their affairs will be conducted with the most circumspection; that they will keep out of many scrapes and difficulties that the others may fall into, and that they are the most virtuous of the two, I shall not dispute: yet, for the soul of me, I cannot help preferring the other; for almost all the friends, I ever had in my life, are of the *second* class.

## EXPERIMENTAL TRUTHS RESPECTING EDUCATION, FRIENDSHIP, ENVY, AND CONTENT.

IT is of the last importance, to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it; though it may seem extinguished for a while, by the cares of the world, the heat of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again, as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes, have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and over-laid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

THE mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well chosen friend. There is, indeed, no blessing of life, that is any ways comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, sooths and allays the passions. and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

THE condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable, for he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their *own* happiness and advantage.

HE that is satisfied with what he has, wants nothing. Fulness is the parent of diseases, as idleness is of vice.

THE less we are contented with, the better.

## AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, WHETHER IS PROSPERITY OR ADVERSITY MOST FAVOURABLE TO VIRTUE?

*Sweet are the uses of Adversity,*
*Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,*
*Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.*

SHAKESPEARE.

BAD as the world is, there are still, we hope, some people to be found in it, who in all conditions of life uniformly preserve their integrity; who, unintoxicated with the allurements of affluence, calmly despise the vicious pursuits of insolent Prosperity; who, unintimidated by the

the frightful gloom of penury, resolutely adhere to Virtue, as the best support of Adversity.—But when we consider the general weakness of human nature, and the almost irresistable power of riches and poverty to tempt us from the direct road of duty, we shall find abundant reason to join issue in the good request of pious Agur: "*Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with* "*food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny* "*thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor* "*and steal and take the name of my God in vain.*"

ALTHOUGH both Prosperity and Adversity, have confessedly a bad influence upon the conduct of most men; we apprehend that the former is commonly more hurtful to Virtue than the *latter*.

WERE we still in the state of nature, subject to no wants but such as arise from the cravings of original desire; influenced by no opinions but those that are founded on the truth of things; if the terms of Prosperity and Adversity were at all employed, the latter would be taken to denote, a deficiency of the necessaries of life; the former, a superabundance of the same. But the commerce of society, the invention of arts and sciencies, the introduction of money, and the universal

universal influence of custom and fashion, have wonderfully altered our judgement of things, and given birth to a variety of wants of which nature is entirely ignorant. Prosperity and Adversity, then, must have enlarged their signification; and as they are now applied, it will perhaps be more accurate to say, that the former denotes an ample sufficiency of every thing, requisite to enable a man to make a figure, in the station which he holds in the general opinion; the latter, a want of what is necessary to support a man with decency, in the rank which he ought to maintain in society.

THERE is a strange disingenuity in human nature. We all, in general, own the providence of God in speculation, and frankly confess, that all the blessings we enjoy are the gift of his goodness. But the rich forget this in their practice. Dizzy with the thoughts of their fancied eminence, and captivated with the perpetual round of splendid amusements, they contract a levity of mind averse to seriousness and reflection; charmed with the gaiety of every thing around them, all nature in their eyes appears clothed in smiles. But does this lead them to contemplate and reverence the great source of all this beauty and chearfulness? Their vanity is excited by the incense of perpetual adulation; and forgetting the

the Author of their abundance, they place to the account of their own merit, those riches, those honours, and that grandeur, which Heaven has bestowed.—Who are they who neglect the worship of God? Who are they who too often laugh at every appearance of religion?—The *Prosperous* and the *Rich*.

THAT all this disingenuity and ingratitude towards the greatest and best of Beings, is a consequence which frequently springs from riches and greatness, experience abundantly testifies: and that riches have some secret charm, which renders most of their possessors immoderately fond of them, the same experience explicitly declares. Prosperity, then, is generally destructive of the highest species of Virtue—*Piety* towards God.

ADVERSITY may doubtless infuse in some sour and peevish minds, unbecoming sentiments of the Deity. There are men of a certain cast, who, when poverty has laid fast hold of them, and every thing looks cheerless and uninviting around, retire within themselves, and brooding over their misfortunes, curse the partial hand of Providence. But to most men the season of affliction is a season of piety. Adversity calls home our wandering thoughts, and makes room for reflection.

flection. Nature demands the assistance of all our faculties;—we exert them to the utmost. But when we find that no human force can relieve us, we naturally turn our thoughts with reverence to the great Parent of all things, who both chasteneth, and relieveth the afflicted. Adversity generally tends to cherish sentiments of piety *, and disposes us to adopt the resigned language of Job: "*The Lord giveth, and the Lord* "*taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.*"

In the second place, Prosperity has peculiar temptations to vices of the most malignant and fatal consequences to mankind.

Riches minister to ambition, which is one of the most irregular passions of human nature, and attended with the most mischievous effects to society †. The seeds of this passion are in every constitution; Prosperity nourishes and brings them to maturity. Prosperity enables the ambitious man to execute his aggrandizing schemes; and, I may add, gives him the power of

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* This made King David say, *it is good for me, that I have been afflicted.*

† Ambition is the dropsy of the soul,
Whose thirst we must not yield to, but controul.

of committing the most oppressive and attrocious acts of injustice with impunity. And that this is the use which is too commonly made of riches, the annals of every nation bear testimony. Adversity is ever an enemy to ambition: where poverty has been a companion from the cradle, we can scarcely discover the seeds of this passion. If it takes up its abode where affluence has already brought them into light, it speedily blasts and withers them.

PROSPERITY begets pride, which leads us to contemn and despise our fellow men. The respect that is usually paid to superior circumstances, is apt to make the rich man consider himself, as if he was of a different nature from those that are beneath him in the world; this prompts him to sacrifice all the rights of mankind, resulting from their natural equality, to an accidental advantage, which has no merit at all in it, otherwise than as it is enjoyed with condescension and benevolence, and in subserviency to the general good.

HUMILITY is the child of Poverty *, the gentlest and most peaceable of all the virtues.—

Adversity

* We may doubtless meet with persons, who are *poor* and *proud*; but it cannot be their *poverty* that makes them so.

Adversity may sometimes engender envy; but as this is a species of pure malevolence, few hearts are so wicked as to harbour long so tormenting a fiend. At any rate, the poor man's envy will be less destructive to society than the insolent pride of prosperity.

PROSPERITY hardeneth the heart of man. The rich, far removed from the numberless cases of distress in the lower spheres of life, never feel the tender emotions of pity, and consequently seldom charitably, benevolently, and virtuously relieve the wants of their fellow creatures.—Who is he that passes by yon miserable wretch without the least emotion? It is the rich miser, whose coffers are stuffed with gold, yet whose heart is dead to every feeling of humanity.

THE poor man, indeed, has it not in his power (however he may have a will) to relieve the distresses of his fellow creatures; but he gives them, and it is all that Virtue requires at his hand, the wide wish of *benevolence*. Well acquainted with the complicated miseries of life, he is taught to pity such as bend under the load of cheerless poverty. His heart, softened by affliction, easily admits the tender and congenial sympathy of sorrow. Have you not seen him in the widow's cot,

cot, tenderly caressing the helpless orphan, and counting tear for tear with the disconsolate mother? Have you not seen him lending his hand to support the steps of feeble age, and stretching forth the cup of water to the weary traveller? Shall we not then readily confess, that *poverty* is more friendly to virtue than *riches*?

## THE FAITHFUL ROMEO. A PATHETIC TALE*.

*This story well deserves a Tear:*

IN one of the sharpest days, and yet one of the fairest that winter could produce, the youthful Flavian prepared, with his gun and his dog Romeo, to take the diversions of the field; they were particularly lucky, and it was a day of eminent success; this, pointed the game—that brought it to the ground.

As Flavian was returning to his house, and Romeo was ranging the skirts of a neighbouring copse, rather in the way of wantonness than industry, knowing, perhaps, that the business of the day was already done—just as the winding of the thicket meandered into an elbow that jutted into the field,—Romeo broke short his step, and stood fixed in an attitude, which put Flavian on



* See Pratt's Miscellanies.

his guard. In the next instant an hare started from the bushes, and ran trembling to the opposite hedge-row; on the other side of which, was a shaded lane that led to Flavian's villa.

THERE is an enthusiasm which seizes the sportsman at the sight of sudden game; with that sort of inspiration was Flavian now seized, who, levelling his gun to the mark (with an aim too fatally erring) deposited the charge into the bosom of———

FLAVIAN had a loving wife; unhappily for him, she was tempted by the brightness of the morning, and the report of his fowling-piece, at no great distance, to stroll from her house, as was sometimes her tender custom, intending to hasten his return, not only to enjoy his society, but to put an end to the depredations of the day. The sound of the gun had scarcely died upon the air, when a sound of a different kind saluted his ear; Flavian dashed through the hedge, and saw his Maria extended along the path-way, which was over-hung by the bushes; and her bosom was bathed in that blood, which she now found had been shed by her dear Flavian.

IN pursuing the game, Romeo first discovered his mistress, and with his fore feet upon her lap, was mourning over her wounds;———

THE

THE husband struck his breast;—cast an eye of astonishment towards Heaven, and fell speechless by her side; the poor woman saw his agony, made an effort to embrace him, but sunk exhausted on his breast—The last endearments were faintly interchanged betwixt Flavian and Maria; to the latter, articulation was soon denied, but she, by some means, got her husband in her arms, and in that situation expired.

THE dear body, mangled as it was, could not be torn from the distressed Flavian; and both he and the unhappy lady, were carried to that apartment, from which they had parted but a few hours before, in the highest gaiety of wedded hearts, and in the warmest ardours of youthful expectation.

AND now comes on the business of poor *Romeo*. Flavian fell sick, Romeo was the very centinel of his door, and the nurse of his chamber; a fever followed, which at length touched Flavian's brain, and in the violence of the delirium he struck his poor but faithful attendant Romeo, who so far from resenting the blow, licked lovingly the hand that gave it.

ROMEO was constantly by the side of the bed, fearful to step even on the carpet; after this, the fever returned, and burning its way to the

heart, in a few days defied medicine, and united his ashes to those of his beloved Maria; from the room in which he died, no force or contrivance could seduce poor Romeo, till the moment in which he was put into the coffin, and the people concerned in his funeral began to deem it necessary to destroy the dog, which resisted all their measures, but especially their carrying him away; at length he suffered it, but followed them close, and was, perhaps, the most *sincere* mourner.

As soon as Flavian was committed to the earth, his faithful Romeo took possession of the spot, and was the constant sentry of his grave; grief and hunger had exhausted every thing but his attachment, yet he never was heard to whine; but, after laying till nature could hold out no longer, was at length found dead at the foot of the tomb; thus the master expired, and the faithful servant found it impossible long to survive him *.



* Well may it be recorded to the memory of poor Romeo. He always attended on his master with a kind of affectionate humility, and was happy to offer his strength, courage, and all his useful talents for his service; he waited his orders and implicitly obeyed them; he consulted his looks, and perfectly understood them; he was friendly without interest; grateful for the smallest favours, and sooner forgot *injuries* than benefits; he used to lick the hand just raised to strike him, and disarmed resentment by submission.—Oh! that every servant upon *two* legs, would follow the example of this good and faithful servant upon *four*.

## ANECDOTES OF MR. S——. A RETIRED COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

*Every man in his humour.*

MR. S—— has just property enough to live decently in a remote situation *from*, and to starve upon *in*, London; for I call it starving in London, if you cannot mix with those who have taste congenial with your own; and if you cannot join in the amusements of the metropolis, it is, of all places, the most miserable. I sincerely pity *this* gentleman, who seems formed to embellish society, diffuse elegance, and enliven conversation. Yet it is his fate to be buried in obscurity,

'And find no spot of all the world his own.'

HAVING read in some wise author, Aristotle I think, that "to bear absolute solitude a man must be either an angel or a savage." I could not but conceive highly of Mr. S——, and took the liberty of asking, in what manner he passed his time. "Dully enough," said he, "though I endeavour to fancy myself as happy as my brother wits in London think me. And, had I but society, I should *really* be so: but the only person to whom I can speak, above five minutes at a time, is the parson of the parish, with whom I generally part in dudgeon, as we often disagree, either on matters of literature, or his *own* con-

duct, which, as a priest, I think very exceptionable, and that simply from inattention to every thing but the discharge, and the *mere* discharge of his public duties.

As I rise late, for I cannot altogether leave off my London habits, I mostly find a morning paper on my breakfast table, which murders an hour, you know, in the true sense of the word. Fair weather induces a ride, and foul weather makes books or writing very welcome; and one of these amusements fills the time 'till dinner. But, I have found, that a man is never rightly at ease unless he is engaged in the service of society, however little he may have to do with it, and every man *feels* it more or less a sin to be idle *. I have, therefore, engaged myself in a literary undertaking, and by fancying myself under promises to a bookseller, I find myself constrained to labour, and have actually written two volumes of an entire new species of novel, which I intend to comprise in *three*. And this not from any desire of either fame or emolument, because neither the one nor the other, resulting from a work of this kind, can much advantage me: but purely to preserve me from the sin of idleness.

* Man is naturally a *sociable* being, and therefore cannot rationally enjoy life without society; happy for him, if he seeks no other than that which is truly *good*.

At dinner I am always accompanied by farmer Gibson, and his father, a fine old silver-headed man, who remembers the death of Queen Anne, and, having been a great reader of public papers all his life-time, is quite a chronicle, and perfectly amusing in his accounts of the political ideas that prevailed, at different periods, among men of his own class.—Baker's Chronicle is his favourite book, and, I believe, he can repeat every marvelous story in it. This, except the parson, is the only *literary* companion I have; and he is the best of the two, for he never tells a thing twice over.

The afternoon I generally spend in *walking*, *reading*, or *writing*; and in the evening play on the *violin* 'till the house is retired to rest, which never exceeds *ten* o'clock; and then, surrounded by universal silence, I pursue, with uninterrupted pleasure, my literary task, which I usually do till two or three in the morning.

Such is the life I lead, which is at least *inoffensive*; and it is not my fault that it is not more useful. In trade, which I abhor, I should probably lose what little I have; and without turning my hand to something, as the phrase is, I cannot enjoy the mode of life best suited to my talents and wishes."———

Sir

## SIR THO. M———; OR, GENUINE MEMOIRS OF A WIDOWER.

*True love alone the married State makes happy.*

I AM indebted to my uncle, Sir W——, for the advantages of a good education; my father thinking learning absolutely unnecessary, for a son he designed for the *army*. My uncle, however, was of a different opinion, and made me his peculiar care from my infancy; allowed me liberally for my school expences,—at *eighteen*, purchased me a commission in the guards, and settled on me two hundred a year, which he augmented to *six* when I travelled. His kindness did not stop here; at his death, which happened when I was *twenty-five*, he left me E——— Hall, and the estate belonging to it, estimated at *twenty thousand* pounds;—the bulk of the fortune, with the baronetage, were enjoyed by my father and brother, many years before they came into my possession.

PREVIOUS to the demise of my uncle, my affections were seriously engaged to a very beautiful woman, of the first rank, whose fortune was very small. While I was uncertain what my future prospects might be, I forbore to mention my

my attachment to her, though my eyes, my embarrassment, and studied attentions to her, had certainly informed her of my passion. I had reason to believe the regard was mutual, from the same intelligent sources. In the possession of comfort, I resolved to lose no time in entreating the woman I adored to share it. My proposals were favourably received; and I credited her flattering assertion, that I had long been the object of her affection. She had promised her father to accompany him to Bath for one month; during which time I went down to the Hall, to give the proper orders, previous to its fair Mistress's entrance. All the neighbourhood came to wait upon the new possessor; and I received numerous invitations, many of which I accepted.

At one of these visits I had the misfortune to slide off the step of my chaise, and slip both my knee-pans. I was carried into the house, and the surgeon ordered me to continue where I was, as a removal might be attended with bad consequences. My host made every thing as easy as possible; his good sense, hospitality, and benevolence, made three weeks of confinement elapse, without my feeling it so long as I have done many a three weeks of health. I nevertheless saw the day of my departure arrive with satisfaction,

faction, and ordered my chaise at one o'clock on the morrow; when viewing myself in the glass, I discovered a thick rash under my skin; I examined my neck and arms, and found I was covered with it. My obliging friend would not let me leave his house till the apothecary saw me, who immediately pronounced it the small-pox. I had been so repeatedly in the way of catching this disorder, that I felt quite secure I must have had it very favourably at an early age.

DURING the first fortnight of my *knee* confinement, the lady of the house had a niece upon a visit to her, as sweet and engaging a creature as I ever beheld; but my heart was fortified against all attacks. She returned to a school about six miles from her uncle's, and a married sister came in her place. Their maids secretly corresponded almost daily; by this method the small-pox was conveyed to the school. A child fell ill, which obliged the mistress to send the young ladies to their respective homes. Among the rest, this beautiful creature returned to her uncle's, much indisposed. She alighted in the court; the hall-door was open: she walked up stairs without meeting a servant, and came into the room she had so recently occupied, but which was now *my* apartment for quiet; when, to her surprize, she

saw

saw a face covered with the most virulent small pox. She staggered first, and then swooned; her sister and the nurse removed her into the air, threw vinegar over her, and sent her to the Curate's house, with the hope that she might escape the distemper;—but in a few days it had made the most cruel ravages in an almost matchless face, insomuch, that not the smallest vestige of beauty remained.

I WAS extremely sorry at being the cause (though the *innocent* one) of this misfortune. I believe I felt more acutely than even the poor girl did upon the occasion. I thought it incumbent on me to continue at the uncle's till she was recovered; and on the first day she saw company, attended the sister to visit her;—when I felt the shock she sustained at seeing me, severely retorted on myself. I really could not refrain from tears, nor could her sister suppress *her* emotion;—when the amiable creature, pitying our situations, desired us to leave her—"I am too tender," said she, "to trust my own voice, just now, on the insufficiency of external attractions;—I hope I shall soon have more fortitude. If you, my dear sister, really loved me for *myself*, you will find me *essentially* the same, though apparently

parently altered*."—In my walk home, I was rejoiced to hear this poor girl had *twenty thousand* pounds.

On my arrival in town I wrote a few lines to my beloved, told her what had happened to me since I saw her, and informed her, that I meant to wait on her in the evening; she was absent when I sent, so that I got no answer; but in the evening we met; she enquired into every little circumstance which regarded me, professed much concern about my illness—and I know not where she was defective, but yet I must confess I felt myself uneasy;—a lover's senses are acute—I thought they were not enquiries from the very *depth* of the heart—I grew anxious and dissatisfied—and yet I could not precisely say at what;—on the *fourth* visit, I pressed her to name the wedding-day; her reply was so formal that I taxed her with coldness, when to my extreme astonishment, she clasped her hands, and thanked God she had discovered my temper *before* marriage, as a *jealous* husband was the first torment upon earth. It is needless to add, the lady married a *peer*, ten days after this rupture,

* The loss of beauty to a *sensible* woman, however great a trial it may prove, will not alter her *good sense* or *temper*, though it may her *person*.

rupture, which she sought for, on purpose to obtain a splendid *equipage* and *coronet*, in lieu of a moderate fortune—it gives me, however, no pleasure to find they are since divorced.

WELL, so chagrined was I, that I determined never to have any thing more to say to the sex—a talk of war made me determine to enter a volunteer in the navy. Before we sailed I received a copy of verses from a female, expressive of much regret at the dangers I was about to encounter. I imagined that some of my young friends did this in a frolic, but a *second* letter convinced me that the writer was in earnest. I guessed, and guessed, till at last I was persuaded they came from my little friend whom the small-pox had marr'd.

I RECOLLECTED a thousand proofs of her attention; but as I wished not to deceive her, I purposely forbore to acknowledge, through the channel of a newspaper, that I received them; afterwards I met her by accident at Portsmouth, and was fully convinced that she had an attachment to me; I danced twice in public with the prettiest woman in the room, on purpose to free her mind; I saw her faint, but waited half an hour after her recovery before I enquired about her

health; in short I gave pangs to a bosom which would have suffered torment to have relieved mine, but I did it to release her affection; I avoided her for two years, when I married a woman of large fortune, (which was the last thing I considered,) with a thousand personal attractions; I now believed I *must* be happy; but within the year I discovered that some *prior* affection had left her heart a void;—there was an indifference to both pleasure or pain, that disappointment only can affect.

We were, however, mutually attentive to each other, but we were only not *unhappy*;—*nine* years passed on in this lethargic manner, when my wife's health began to decline; I carried her to Lisbon, where I lost her. I did not return to England till two years after my wife's death, but spent the intermediate time in travelling through Spain and France.—At Montpellier, I met with the sister and husband of my poetical friend, and I continued there longer for the pleasure of their society; from the latter I heard the most flattering character of his wife's sister, so perpetually, that I determined in my own mind, to cultivate a farther acquaintance with the family, and see what her merits really were.

I NOW believed a conversable, amiable, domestic wife, was *God's first gift*, and I went down to the hall with a half wish to find her still disengaged. I heard from her father, that she was then in town on a *matrimonial* errand.—I felt a sort of regret;—but I knew not *then*, how much reason I had for regret.—I *now* know that I missed the most valuable woman in the world.—The loss is, in some degree, palliated by the intimacy which subsists between the husband and me. I pass my life more to my satisfaction now than I ever did. The husband deserves the treasure he has met with:—they have *seven* lovely children, who shall be the better for my fortune.

I CANNOT express myself, when I would describe the domestic happiness of this family. But, when I behold this group; when I reflect upon the blessing Providence placed in my power, and my folly in rejecting it, it is nearly too much for me. Wonder not at my continuing a widower, since at *my* age, which is above *sixty*, I think it is impossible for me to meet with a woman to select me, as the object of her *first* love. —Could the resignation of my fortune enable me to retrace the past, and make such a woman my wife, believe me I would quit it with transport; —'tis dear bought experience convinces me I am

right;—and that the man who marries a sensible woman, *truly* attached to him, cannot fail of happiness, but through his own imprudence or neglect.

## AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE OF THE LATE SIR RICHARD JEBB.

*No Man is without his failings.*

THE anecdotes of the late Sir R. Jebb, which relate his respectability and medical merit, I mean not to contradict; I only mean to strengthen an assertion lately published of him, by the writer of his life, that the Baronet *ridiculed and despised the contemptible and disgusting arts of flattery*, which I most implicitly agree with; whether he erred on the opposite side of the question or not, the following anecdote, which I *myself* saw and heard may determine.

SIR RICHARD attended a young man in a complaint where abstinence from animal food was judged necessary; it was for many weeks complied with; but, whether from the disease or diet, the patient grew very weak and low; for several weeks the physician had not called, and the young

young man ventured on a morsel of boiled chicken. At this unlucky moment, Sir Richard, *who had been sent for in the neighbourhood*, was announced: on seeing his patient, and his forbidded food, the Baronet almost instantly quitted the room, pronouncing in a very loud tone of voice, "Well, Sir, if you will follow your own inclinations, you may die and be d——." At this *well-judged and elegant invective*, the scarce-tasted morsel fell from the lips of the poor trembling valetudinarian, and he sunk into the arms of him who now relates the circumstance.——

I CONFESS, had not my friend claimed the utmost of my attention, I should have hurried this *despiser of flattery* out of the house, in a manner very different from what he expected.

THERE is one circumstance which, I think, embitters this horrid treatment, and adds insult to injury: the patient was a journeyman apothecary, in *indigent* circumstances; of course no fee had been promised, given, or indeed could be expected!!——

## WHIMSICAL CHARACTERS, FAITHFULLY POURTRAY'D, UNDER FICTITIOUS NAMES.

*Let them whom the Cap fits wear it.*

BILLY TIRESOME is one of those people who act with such extreme caution, as to advise with every man, woman, and child, they see. But *Billy* is so fond of a good bargain in his purchases, that he makes the bargain first, and consults about it afterwards. His friends now know his disposition so well, that when he asks them their advice, about any particular scheme, they are nearly certain he has already embarked in it, and talk to him accordingly.—When he has a large sum of money at his banker's, he goes and consults *one* friend about the purchase of an estate, *another*, about the purchase of some houses, a *third* about a venture in trade, a *fourth* about buying navy bills, a *fifth* about a dash at the lottery—and when he has heard them all, gravely deposits the whole, in the *three* per cent. consolidated funds.—*Billy* has, indeed, now tired out the patience of every friend he knows; and the other day, when he expressed to me the very high opinion of a lady he had been in company with, and hinted that she would make an excel-

lent

lent wife, I naturally wished him joy of his *marriage!*

*Tammy Doubtful* is another of those gentlemen, who ask advice with the most perfect deference to their *own* opinion.—He is a deep thinker, and what is very singular, never seems to *waver* in his opinion, until he is *fully determined.* He has two sons, whose progress in life he has watched with due parental anxiety. Long puzzled what trade to put the eldest to, he consulted a *bookseller*, a *printer*, a *merchant*, a *grocer*, a *broker*, a *banker*, and a *painter*,—they all gave him their best advice, and he at length bound the lad apprentice to a *linendraper!*

THE *second* son puzzled him yet more; the boy was rather wild and untractable. He had thus far a spice of the father in him, that he heard a great deal of good advice without taking any. What to do with him *Mr. Doubtful* knew not.—He took the opinion of a Captain of the Navy, of a Lieutenant of the Army, of a West-India Planter, and a Director of the East-India Company, who all promised their assistance to fit out the lad for the navy, army, Jamaica, or the Company's service at Bengal. His father consulted besides, with every person he could meet,

meet, who had been in any of the above services, and when every body thought the boy was ready to go abroad, and the only doubt was whether he was to wear a *red* or a *blue* coat, his father sent him to Cambridge to be brought up *to the Church!*

WITH regard to advice on *matrimony*, it has long been the practice to delay asking that, until it is too late to take it. Indeed the man who asks a friend whether he ought to pay his addresses to a certain lady, may be considered as already more than half resolved on the match; for, as an old humourist of my acquaintance often remarks. "Matrimony is one of those plans which does not admit of *coolness* in the execution."

THESE instances of the practice of asking advice, and a determination not to take it, are very common in our days, particularly among the *young*. With them, indeed, *giving advice* is ranked among those *insults* which *a man of honour* cannot put up with; indeed, what greater *insult* can be offered to *a man of honour*, who is just about to do some dirty action, than to whisper in his ear—"Sir, let me advise you to consider what you are about."—Such an insult would as certainly produce a duel, as *giving the lye*, of which, in fact, it

is

is a species.—So intemperate and hasty are too many young men in the actions of their lives, that their passions irrevocably fix the decision, which *prudence* would have prevented. To such young men, however, it may very properly be hinted, that prudence is a necessary ingredient, in all actions that are truly great and good, and that *infinite* wisdom only, can be considered superior to the instructions of mature *experience*.

## THE BLIND WELSH CURATE, A CHARACTER TAKEN FROM LIFE.

*Memory supplies the want of Sight.*

IN my rambles last summer on the borders of Wales, I found myself one fine summer's morning on the banks of the beautiful river Wye. Alone, without a servant or guide, I had to ford the river at a place where, according to the instructions given me at the nearest hamlet, if I diverged ever so little, from the marks which the ripling of the current made, as it passed over a ledge of rock, I should sink twice the depth of myself and horse.

WHILE I stood hesitating on the margin, viewing attentively the course of the ford, a person passed me on a canter, and the next instant I saw him plunge into the river. Presuming on his acquaintance with the passage, I immediately and closely followed his steps. As soon as we had gained the opposite bank, I accosted him with thanks for the benefit of his guidance; but what was my astonishment, when, bursting into a hearty laugh, he observed, my confidence would have been less, had I known that I had been following a *blind* guide!—— The manner of the man, as well as the fact, attracted my curiosity. To my expressions of surprise at his venturing to cross the river alone, he answered, that he and the horse he rode, had done the same every Sunday morning for the last five years; but that, in reality, this was not the most perilous part of his hebdomadal peregrination, as I should soon be convinced, if my way led over the mountain before us.

MY way was an *ad libitum*—I therefore resolved to attach myself to my extraordinary companion, and soon learned, in the course of our chat, as we wound up the steepy mountain's side, that he was a Clergyman, and of that class which

is the disgrace of our Ecclesiastical Establishments:—I mean the Country Curates, who exist upon the scanty stipend of *thirty*, *twenty*, and sometimes only *fifteen* pounds per annum.—This gentleman, of the age of *sixty*, had, about thirty years before, been engaged in the Curacy to which he was now travelling, and though at the distance of *eight* long Welch miles from the place of his residence, such was the attachment of his Sunday flock to him, that at the commencement of his calamity, rather than part with him, they sent regularly every Sunday morning, a deputation to guide their old Pastor along a road, which besides the river we had just passed, led over a craggy mountain, on whose top innumerable and uncertain bogs were continually forming, and which, nevertheless, by the instinct of his Welch Kefle, this blind man has actually crossed *alone*, for the last *five* years, having so long dismissed the assistance of his guide.

WHILE our talk beguiled the time, we insensibly arrived within sight of his village church. It was situated in a deep and narrow vale. As I looked down upon it, the bright verdure of the meadows which were here and there checkered with patches of yellow corn, the moving herds of cattle, the rich foliage of the groves of oak hanging

hanging irregularly over its sides, the white houses of the inhabitants which sprinkled every corner of this peaceful retreat; and above all, the inhabitants themselves, assembled in their best attire around their place of weekly worship; all this gay scenery rushing at once to the view, struck my senses and imagination more forcibly than I can express.

As we entered the church-yard, the respectful how do you do's of the young, the hearty shakes by the hand of the old, and the familiar gambols of the children, evidently shewed how the good old Pastor reigned in the hearts of all.

After some refreshment at the nearest house, we went to the church, in which my veteran Priest *seemed* to read the prayers, the psalms, and chapters of the day; and after all, preached a Sermon in a manner, that would have made no one advert to his defect of sight.

At dinner, which, it seems, *four* of the most substantial farmers of the vale give in turn, he gave me an account of the progress of his memory.

For the *first* year, he attempted no more than the prayers and sermon; the best readers of the parish

parish making it a constant rule to officiate for him in the psalms and chapters. He next endured the labour of getting them by heart; and at present, by continual repetition, there is not a psalm or chapter of the more than *two hundred* appointed for the Sundays, that he is not perfect in *!

## EUTROPIUS; OR, THE MAN OF SORROW.

### A FRAGMENT.

*Man is born to Trouble as the Sparks fly upwards.*

JOB.

AS the traveller who hath journeyed far in a bare and rugged country, tired and fatigued with his labour and toil, seeketh for a place of safety and repose, so do I (said the aged and venerable Eutropius, to a youth who long had heard



* The service this reverend Curate's extraordinary memory is to him, in his bodily darkness, reminds me of the blind and lame beggars,

> The blind man helps the lame; what Heaven denies
> This wretched pair, their mutual aid supplies,
> One lends his *legs*, the other lends his *eyes*.

from him the lessons of wisdom) look forward with anxiety, to that hour which shall behold me laid in the silent tomb—in which the eye which hath so often wept shall weep no more—in which the pulse which hath so often beat to sorrow, shall rest, and beat no more;—for my griefs have multiplied with my years. *Seventy* times hath the sun in his annual course beheld, in revolving summers, the labours of the husbandman completed, and his harvest crowned with joy, since the first tear of helpless infancy rolled down my cheeks.

TRUST not the world, my son: I have trusted the world; and its fraud and deceit have wounded me to the heart! Yet though I have struggled with poverty, I have not been wretched; though I have suffered the scourge of adversity, I have not been miserable; because virtue hath not been a stranger to my bosom; because I have trusted in the goodness of indulgent Heaven. But the dreary hour is now come, when the heart which hath so often vibrated to the sorrows of the helpless stranger, can but feebly vibrate to its own; when the bosom which had so often heaved the sigh of participation at the woes of another, can scarcely feel for its own proper griefs!—Oh, my son! hear then my latest words:—Cherish piety

and

and virtue *!—So shalt thou bear with resignation the evils of life, and endure with patience the journey thou must perform, until thou shalt arrive at the haven of eternal repose.

MANY years are passed since death put a period to the woes of Eutropius, and I am myself grown grey in adversity—Yet frequently do I remember the good old man, and shed a tear to his memory; for I was once that youth who had imbibed the precepts of virtue from his lips. I was once his companion in the retreat he had chosen from the world. He lived in a little hermitage, upon the scanty bounty of a distant friend;—but, indeed, his wants were few. His food was, in general, the simple produce of the earth, and his drink the purling stream. Great is the relief of my woes, to call back those happy days to my remembrance, when my aged friend would sit at the door of his cell, and recite the simple story of his past misfortunes, as I sat attentive by his side.

SOMETIMES I could perceive a tear stealing along the furrows of his cheek; I would wipe



* Virtue alone against decay can arm,
And even lend mortality a charm.

from his face the witness of painful recollection; but oft in the act I have mingled it with my own. He would tell me how many a time he had wept over the sufferings of those who repaid his kindness with ingratitude;—how often his arm had supported the fainting wretch, who rewarded his benevolence with scorn.

In his youth the villainy of a pretended friend deprived him of an ample inheritance, and doomed the remainder of his life to dependence upon the great; whose promises were the completion of his ruin.—This, and much more he would relate, till the heart-wringing remembrance would renew his sorrows, and bring the tear again into his eye. But it was the tear of resignation. He would intermix with his recitals the reflections of wisdom and experience. Be warm and sincere in your friendship, my child, would he say,—but yet be cautious and prudent *. From the want of prudence I have suffered—I have fallen a sacrifice to implicit faith in the professions of mankind, to the dictates of a heart

* The wisdom of the serpent, must unite with the harmlessness of the dove, to qualify a man for daily intercourse with the world. Matthew 10, 16.

heart void of suspicion, and unacquainted with falsehood, treachery, and deceit.—Ah, when I recal to mind how many sighs interrupted the recital of his sufferings; how many pangs his inoffensive heart suffered, when he mourned over his disappointed hopes—hopes which his exalted genius might well excite, and prospects of happiness which his goodness might well demand;—I still deplore the fate of learning and virtue, and lament the ruinous consequences of faithlessness and delusion—the cruel effects of inhumanity and pride!

Ye powerful! and ye rich! reflect on the fate of Eutropius, whose genius was lost to the world, while he fell a sacrifice to undeserved poverty, and died in unmerited obscurity!—Yes, he was suffered to feel affliction without relief, and how many of the sons of genius share the fate of Eutropius, and languish in misery and want!—Oh ye affluent! ye great! ye noble! how will ye answer hereafter for your stewardship, when neither genius, which exalts the dignity of human nature, has been encouraged, nor pining virtue, whose afflictions have the first claim upon compassion, have been regarded or relieved?—Oh! spare a moment from your pleasures, to alleviate the sorrows of the wretched children of genius, and suffer them not to call on you in vain - - -

## MISOPONUS, A CHARACTER TAKEN FROM LIFE.

*Wealth without Wisdom is but splendid Misery.*

MISOPONUS was heir to a large paternal estate, and had therefore, as he thought, little necessity for learning: It seemed needless to acquire, by the toils of industry, that reputation which the splendor of affluence would universally command. When such were the prospects of Misoponus, it will not be wondered at that he devoted to unprofitable amusements those years, which are set apart for the attainment of science. The university, to which he had been confined some years by his father, he quitted at his decease, with ignorance and with joy.

WHAT more had Misoponus now to think of, than to summons his appetites to luxurious abundance, to regale at pleasure in the bowers of festivity, and from these to retire to the couches of repose? Each new day exhibited some new scene of pleasure, the entertainment of fancy, or the gratification of sense. Satiety was diverted by perpetual change, and boundless variety sollicited desire. Time, however, which puts a period to

to all sensual gratifications, exhausted the funds of diversion and delight: familiarity took away the charms that had been confer'd by novelty; and the repetition of past enjoyments were followed by weariness and disgust.

MISOPONUS now found that happiness consisted not in the indulgence of corporeal appetites; and that he who cannot enjoy social and *intellectual* pleasures, must spend much of his time in languid apathy, or in painful discontent. In popularity he therefore sought relief from languor, and studied by benevolence to conciliate regard. He became a constant visitor of the places of public resort, and his house was opened for the reception of jollity and friends. But this scheme of happiness lasted not long; Misoponus was unskilled in those arts which gain the respect of equals or superiors; and unaccustomed to that behaviour, by which friendship is endeared and retained. He had seldom been conversant with any but dependants, or persons of the same pitch with himself, who could add to the noise of tumultuous mirth, or bravely challenge t'other bottle.

THUS unfit for friendship, he was seldom visited by any but those who knew the contents of his

his cellar; or soothed him with praises, during the courses of his well-furnish'd table*.

THUS, desirous of praise without the qualities that deserve it, he became an easy prey to the flattery of parasites, whilst misery and deception alternately shared his life.

IN considering the conduct of Misoponus, it may be observed, that to his *early* follies was owing the greatest part of his unhappiness; having spent those years in idleness and debauchery, which should have been employed in the pursuit of useful knowledge; in acquiring, from the advice and experience of others, the safest and most easy paths of life; and in those amusing studies, which might have procured him the respect of his fellow-travellers, or diverted and facilitated his journey, by their entertainment and instruction.....

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* How often is that common observation verified! Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

## ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. AN ESSAY.

*To be, or* not *to be, that is the Question.* SHAKESPEAR.

*If a Man die, shall he live again?* Job. 14—14.

WHATEVER the instinct of beasts may be, their powers, though they may in some respects resemble reason, are surely of a very different nature: they cannot be considered as creatures which are accountable: they give no tokens of any knowledge or apprehension of the being of a God. But for the same reasons, I apprehend, they are not accountable, it is as plainly deducible, from the nature of my own thoughts, and the freedom with which I act, that *I* am an accountable being. Were there no other reason for this belief, methinks the consciousness of this simple proposition, would convince me that my soul is immortal. Surely it must be so.

" Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
" This longing after immortality?
" Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
" Of falling into nought?"——ADDISON.

WHETHER I should have entertained a belief that my soul will exist after death, had I been nourished by a wolf, and bred in a forest like

like a savage beast, I do not think essential to enquire: let it suffice, that the free exercise of my reason, as improved by society, furnishes me with the means, of arriving at the knowledge of a truth so essential to my happiness.

SINCE it is so repugnant to the dictates of reason, to believe that a man, after death, is in no better state than a dog, since it is so natural for the soul to

"Shrink back and startle at destruction,"

we must from hence also conclude, that it is immortal.

WHAT can fire the soul with a nobler ambition, than the hopes of obtaining *eternal* life? What stronger intimations of a future state can we wish for, to animate our pursuits, than such as are reveal'd in the sacred scriptures? which declare *this corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal, put on immortality; and that the wicked shall go into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.*

How can we imagine it possible, that the all-wise Author of nature, should furnish us with capacities for discovering his existence and attributes, and our dependence upon him; with views

of

of another state, and powers to contemplate the laws of many other orbs besides this we inhabit; to roam through the boundless regions of space, with a mind that is never satisfied with less than infinite, if it is soon to be extinguished by *death?* No! if we had not been designed for *another* state, the apprehensions and influences of it would never have been made necessary, to the good government of mankind; eternity would never have been an object either of our *hopes*, or *fears*.

If our existence were to finish with *this* world, we might, like other animals, perform all the offices of supporting ourselves, and continuing our species, without any views or expectations of another. So that, upon the whole, I do not think it possible to reconcile the creation and condition of man, in the present life, with the acknowledged attributes and perfections of God, without the consideration and allowance of a *future* state, beyond the grave.

Even the common dictates of reason, separate from the religion we profess, plead irresistably in behalf of this great truth. Let us then think on this interesting subject often and seriously.

No sooner does the mind contemplate its own powers, than we feel the influence of that superior power from whence its existence is derived; well might Cato say,

" 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
" 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
" And intimates eternity to man!"

God the great Creator of all things; his attributes and perfections! man's freedom of acting! virtue! vice! happiness! misery! heaven and hell! the distinct ideas of these, all enforce the belief of this important doctrine, and call on us aloud, to remember our souls are *immortal*, and must be happy or miserable for ever.

At death th' immortal soul must go,
To *endless* realms of bliss or woe. Solitary Walks.

## REFLECTIONS ON MATRIMONY; ADDRESSED TO BOTH SEXES.

*May the single get married, be this their endeavour,*
*And the married be happy for ever and ever.* C. W.

HAPPY is that marriage, where the innocence and vivacity of the wife, is tempered and composed by the chearful gravity of the husband; she grows wise by the discourses of her husband,

husband, and he good-natured by the conversation of his wife. No married life can be so unhappy, as where the wife proposes no other advantage from her husband, than that of making herself fine, and keeping herself out of the dirt. It is no small degree of happiness, to have a wife, whose agreeable behaviour endears our friends and acquaintance to us, as much as our own. Few married couples are so prudent as to make allowance enough for a change, from the most careful respect, to the most unbounded familiarity; men are never too slow in taking upon them the husband, no woman too quick in coming into the condescension of a wife.

To make this state happy, the pleasures, inclinations, and interests of both parties, should be the *same:* she, who thinks to secure the continuance of her husband's affections, by the charms of her *person* only, though ever so amiable, may be mistaken; for when the appetites are palled, the passions will want food*; so that every woman should endeavour to make her behaviour as much the object of her husband's esteem, as her person is that of his love; for as dress is to the one, so



* Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye and palls upon the sense. CATO.

a generous behaviour is to the other: those, who strictly observe this rule, will rise to such a pitch of benevolence and affection, as the strongest friendship is but a faint resemblance of. Beauty and interest so dazzle men's eyes, as to render them in a great measure, incapable of making a proper choice, in one of the most important actions of life.

THE humour of the husband's affecting a superior carriage, arises either from a false notion of the weakness of female understandings in general, or else from an over-great opinion of himself. The chief interest of married people is, to acquire a prepossession in favour of each other; they should consider one another's words and actions with a secret indulgence: there should be always an inward fondness pleading for each other, such as may add new beauties to every thing that is excellent, give charms to what is indifferent, and cover every thing that is defective: for want of this propensity, and bias of mind, the married pair often take things ill of each other, which no one else would take notice of in either of them*.

THAT

* Be but a little *deaf* and *blind*,
And happiness you'll surely find. W.

THAT constancy in marriage, which arises from the consideration of the terms of union, and the mutual interest in which the parties are engaged, who embark for life, must produce happiness; the want of this, makes the most inflamed desire fall into cold indifference, and the most melting tenderness degenerate into hatred and contempt. Some men have too much tenderness of soul to take any authority over their wives, and some wives too little sense to give any. Wives may be stiled young men's mistresses, companions for middle-aged, and nurses for old men.

MEN are April, when they woo, December, too often, when they wed. Maids are May, while maids, but the sky too often changes when they become wives. On the wedding-night, when the antients offered sacrifice to Juno, who presided over wedlock, they always threw the gall behind the altar; to shew that all bitterness was to be excluded from matrimony. The Ægyptian wives were not allowed to wear shoes, to keep them at home. As the oftener the bow is interwoven, the faster the knot is; so the more frequent and reciprocal kindness appears in the marriage state, the faster will be the tie of conjugal harmony.

MARRIAGE is a solemn and religious tie, and therefore the pleasure we extract from thence should be a sober and serious delight, mixed with a certain kind of gravity; it should be a kind of discreet and conscientious pleasure. The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that, which passes in courtship; provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved, kind with discretion; love, desire, hope, and all the pleasing motions of the soul, rise in the pursuit. Those marriages generally abound most with love and constancy, that have been preceded by a long courtship. The passion should strike root, and gather strength, before marriage is engrafted on it.

In marriage, where the choice is left to friends, the *chief* point under consideration is an *estate*; where the parties chuse for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the *person*. A woman that is agreeable in one's own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, is preferable to a celebrated beauty, who never thinks her sweet person sufficiently adoded and respected. Good-nature, and evenness of temper, will give you an even companion for life; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend; love and constancy, a good wife or husband. Before marriage we cannot be

too

too inquisitive in discerning the faults of the person beloved, nor after it, too dim-sighted and superficial. A lover has many charms, which he loses when married; for both husband and wife, from a nearer view, and more intimate acquaintance, discover blemishes which before, distance concealed.

In marriage there should be a great deal of discretion and good-nature *; the first to prevent their dwelling on each other's faults, and the latter to excuse those they cannot avoid seeing. A marriage of love is pleasant, a marriage of interest easy, and a marriage where both meet, happy †. A truly happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of real friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and all the sweets of human life.

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* Good-nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense an agreeable friend; love and constancy a good wife or husband.

† See the Matrimonial Preceptor.

## ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

### AN ADDRESS TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*The World's a stately Bark, on dangerous Seas,*
*With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril.*
NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE first index of mankind is their physiognomy, or the complexion and features of the face; the next, the vivacity, air, and motion of the body; then the action, the tone of voice, the aspect and manners. Indeed, there is not a person we see, but we are instantly struck more or less, with his or her personal appearance, either in their behalf or to their prejudice. Every man makes a certain impression, the first time he is beheld by us, but as these precipitate impressions are not always well founded, repeated conversations establish a better knowledge of him.

LISTEN to a man with whom you are in company, give him full scope for speaking, and you will discover whether his notions are exalted or mean; whether he is polite or rude; his disposition towards vice or virtue, and what are his *predominant* vices or virtues; whether he is a man of veracity or specious and deceitful; whether

ther he exaggerates in his relations; whether he is a lyar or a stickler for truth; whether he is proud or mean; and you may also trace the limits of his good or bad qualities.

STUDY those persons who behave familiarly and without any apparent circumspection: examine them in their various dispositons, when they endeavour to be obliging, when they are choleric, when they are contemptuous, and when they are whimsical, when they are provoked, and when they are flattered; observe them when they are melancholy, in disgrace, in their pastimes, when fortune smiles, and when she frowns upon them; be attentive in all these situations to their discourse, their manners, their sentiments, their projects, and to the various emotions excited by their passions, their rank, and their pursuits in life.

MOREOVER endeavour perfectly to know yourself*. Take care that in every different station, which good or ill fortune may place you, that you are capable of executing the designs that you plan, and the business you undertake. These various observations upon others, and on yourself, will infallibly

* Would'ſt thou by others be accounted wise?
First know *thyself*; therein true wisdom lies. W.

fallibly make you acquainted with mankind, for this obvious reason, all men in general are subject to the same passions in a greater or less degree, and think nearly alike upon those subjects, with which they are acquainted.

AMONGST the most valuable and excellent qualities, that of knowing the world, is the most necessary to guide our *conduct*, and to make our *fortune*; with regard to our conduct, without this knowledge our pursuits in life would be often crost and produce nothing but disagreeable consequences. In respect to our fortune, the knowledge of mankind is absolutely necessary in order to turn them to our advantage. It is therefore requisite to be acquainted with the world, that we may regulate our conduct towards men, according to their different characters and dispositions. A prudent man with respect to others, is like the maker of a machine, who is acquainted with all its secret springs, and who can set them in motions as he pleases, either for his pleasure or advantage.

IT appears to me, our first movement should be to suspect the world in general, and even to entertain a *bad* opinion of it. The world ought to be replete with virtue; but we find it filled with malignity, and it is the latter disposition which we should make ourselves well acquainted with,

with, and be aware of, in order to avoid being taken in by false appearances.

BUT why, you will say, should we entertain a *bad* opinion of the world? Because men are naturally inclined to evil: they are foes to virtue, because it mortifies their sensual appetites and passions. I do not say that men individually should be pronounced wicked, but it is as well to suspect them to be so, to put us on our guard in our dealings with them.

WHEN we see a servant who has attained riches and power, we may readily conclude, he has studiously attended to his master's passions. His master, it may be, was proud, insincere, and irreligious, and much devoted to pleasure: but his complaisant domestic had the art of qualifying these dispositions: his pride was greatness of soul; his fury, a noble resentment; his debauchery, the effect of his nice sensations, and the common frailty of mankind. He conducted his master's intrigues with such skill and address, that even the penetrating eye of curiosity could not pervade the secret.—In this manner, it is likely, he attained such uncommon riches: it is true, that his old age and decripid state, may compel him sometimes to a solitary retreat, where he takes

takes a disagreeable and mortifying retrospect of his past conduct, and finds that gold itself can afford no balm to his guilty conscience.

WITH regard to *women*, if you would succeed with them in any respect, you must flatter their foibles, praise their defects, and discover even in their greatest follies, the most transcendant judgment, and the finest address *. Every feature is angelic, every look divine, every sentiment replete with wit, every action animated by the graces—and she moves a goddess superior to mortality †.

SUCH is the world, friend Byron; it is before you; you are now upon the point of immerging into it, and if these hints prove of any service to you, I shall think myself happy in having pen'd them.

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* This method it must be acknowledged has too often prov'd successful; more the pity.

† The love of admiration makes them vain,
While adulation proves their fatal bane.

Rural Christian.

## THE MAN OF PLEASURE'S REMARKS ON MEN, MANNERS, AND THE TIMES.

*O tempora O mores!*

SINCE I have attained the age of maturity, my chief employment has been the study of *books* and *men*. As I sometimes descend from an epic poem to a jest-book, as chance or fancy leads me, so I sometimes, after quitting the drawing-room on a birth-night, pop into a night-cellar; and by passing through all the various gradations of literature as well as life, I think I have been able to form a tolerable opinion of both. The extremes are equally disgustful: the etiquette, punctilios, and forced politeness of a courtier, is as nauseous and disgustful to a philosophic mind, as the vulgarisms and blasphemies of a link-boy. In the *middle* line, the rational part of mankind are most frequently found, where, when good sense unites with a tolerable education, and some knowledge of the world, the most social and agreeable companions are to be met with.

IN the female world, coquetry and affectation have so pervaded every class, that it is difficult to distinguish in this respect, the dutchess from the milliner's apprentice. Dress and parade are equally their predominant passion; and if Lucy's laces

laces are not so fine, or her silks not so rich as her grace's, her head will be full as high and her train equally long, to sweep the ground with.

A PRETTY face has been many a young woman's ruin; as her flattering glass tells her, there is conquests in every ogle, and all mankind must submit to her yoke: to decorate herself to what she thinks the greatest advantage, is her only study: reading she despises, as it may hurt her eyes, and musty books are her detestation: thus her mind remains a perfect blank, and is subject to any impressions that may be made upon it. She is assailed on every side by the vain and giddy of our sex, who think it the summit of heroism, to ruin the thoughtless part of the other; the usual artifices are called into play, and if the examples of their superiors are not sufficient to convince them, that to be *a woman of spirit*, is the most desirable character in the female world, stratagems of the blackest die succeed, and the infamous part of their *own* sex, are engaged as auxiliaries to carry them into execution *.

I HAVE often thought it one of the most unfortunate circumstances that could happen to a poor

* From such infamous characters good Lord deliver us, should be the daily prayer of every virtuous woman in the kingdom.

poor girl, to be born handsome, especially if she moves in that sphere, which does not entitle her to a husband above the rank of a mechanic. Were she convinced she had not sufficient charms to make a conquest of a nobleman, or a man of fortune, her thoughts would be diverted to such avocations as would render her amiable in life, though beauty might not be amongst the number of her possessions.

WHAT led me into this train of thinking, was an acquaintance I had some time since with two sisters. The first I shall notice, whose name was Emily, was a fine shewy girl about *eighteen*, whose whole thoughts were taken up with dress and conquests. Leonora, who was about a year older, was a plain girl, but far from disagreeable. Her time was chiefly divided between reading and needle-work, whilst Emily was flaunting in the park, at the play, Vauxhall, or Ranelaugh. The pittance they had to live upon was very small, and Leonora found it necessary to apply part of her time to increase her income, and live decently within bounds. Emily had no idea of œconomy, and vainly thinking that her personal charms were sufficient to command a coronet, she seemed to have wrought up her imagination to such a pitch, as to make her believe she was already in

possession of a fortune suited to the rank of a countess*.

If she did not really yield to the impulse of such a chimera, she at least availed herself of the report, which she industriously circulated, that she was upon the point of marriage with lord D——, and in this persuasion she created considerable debts with mercers and milliners. The bubble at length broke, and she was compelled to apply to one of her admirers for relief, his terms were as might be expected, and she preferred the loss of her reputation to the loss of liberty. She has since gradually sunk from the kept mistress to the grizette, and she now occupies a garret in an alley near Drury lane. Her sister, on the other hand, whose many good qualities recommended her to a husband, accepted the hand of a worthy tradesman, and she lives at ease and in good repute, with a man that she esteems, and by whom she is deservedly belov'd.

The contrast is striking, but the causes are evident. Indeed it frequently happens, that what are generally pronounced natural misfortunes and defects, eventually prove of service and advantage. The

* Beauty has been the ruin of thousands of the female sex, and adulation its tens of thousands.

The instance already given with regard to Emily and Leonora, might be augmented by many more, to evince, that women who are not handsome, are usually more accomplished than *pretty* ones; because they are conscious that they cannot make conquests by their personal charms, and therefore aim at availing themselves of the influence of their *mental* improvements.

If we quit the female sex, and turn our eyes upon the men, the same reason may be assigned why deformity in them, usually tends to make them improve their intellectual capacities; and thus we find that many of the greatest proficients in arts, sciences, and mechanics, have been men that nature had not been lavish upon, with respect to *personal* attractions; and as by their form, they were debarred from athletic exercises, and the glories of a military or naval life; in order to obtain some degree of fame, they have devoted their lives to studies and researches, that placed them on a par with warriors and heroes.

It is observable, that blind people have generally a natural propensity for *music*, and enjoy very tenacious memories. This may be easily accounted for, by the faculty of sight not diverting their thoughts, by any xteernal visual objects. Thus

we find that nature usually makes up any corporeal defects, by some mental qualities, that nearly bring mankind upon a level, or at least alleviate the distress that would naturally arise, from a conscious inferiority in every respect to the rest of our species.

## POSSESSION THE GRAVE OF ENJOYMENT. AN EXTRACT.

*To hope for something which we don't possess,*
*Appears essential to our Happiness.* W.

TO have nothing to do, nothing to care for, and nothing to hope or wish for, however it may be aimed at or thirsted after, by mankind in general; and as viewed at a distance, may be esteemed true felicity, is, I am well satisfied, the beginning of wretchedness.

GOD hath so ordained it, that ordinarily the pleasures of the present state, consist more in *Hope* than in *Enjoyment*; so that if a man had gained all the world, one of the chief pleasures of

of life would be gone; because there would be nothing more left for him to hope or wish for*.

WHATEVER happiness men may fancy to themselves in things at a distance, there is not a more melancholy condition, than to be at the top of greatness, and to have nothing more to aspire after; he is a truly miserable man whose desires are not satisfied, and yet whose hopes are at an end; so that if a man could do what Alexander thought he had done, conquer the *whole* world, when that work was over, he would, in all probability, do just as he did, sit down and weep because there was nothing more for him to do.

Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow:—Soon as caught
Contemn'd: It shrinks to nothing in our grasp.
And, "Is this all?" cry'd Cæsar, at his height
Disgusted.——Disproportion vast, between
The passion and the purchase! he will sigh
At his success, and blush at his renown.

Possession why more tasteless than pursuit?
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
That wish accomplish'd, why the grave of bliss?

Dr. YOUNG.



* Hope, the sacred Scriptures inform us, is as *an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast; and entereth into that within the vail*; while *faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen*; HEB. II. 1.

## AN INTERESTING ADDRESS TO PERSONS OF ALL AGES.

*Hear and your Souls shall live.*

LEARN, O Son of Man, to live well, agreeable to the dictates of virtue and religion, that thou may'st at last die truly happy; mind the lectures of the tombs, and give ear to the instructions of the dead*; think not the expected pomp of a grand funeral will soften the pangs of death, or the tears of survivors contribute to thy future felicity. Rely not on popish masses, which are nothing better than tricks and knavery, nor think to bribe St. Peter with a penny. Beyond the grave the redemption of the soul ceases for ever; therefore the business of life must be discharged on *this* side of mortality.

LIVE as one who has no abiding situation, a pilgrim in the world, and a stranger on the face of the earth. Let temperance be evident in the œconomy of thy life; let thy charity be as extensive as thou canst afford, and let thy benevolence be universal†. Write not the injuries thou meetest with from thy fellow-creatures, with a pen of iron, nor engrave affronts as on pillars of brass. Learn to imitate the best of beings, and aspire

* Wait the great teacher Death. POPE.

† Let prudence admonish thee; temperance restrain thee; justice guide thine hand; benevolence warm thine heart; and gratitude to God inspire thee with devotion.

aspire to the perfection of pure immortals *. Forgive the wrongs thou hast suffered from others, so shalt thou receive no condemnation thyself.

LET not revenge harbour in thy breast, nor a sullen cast invade thy countenance; chain down the disquieters of thy peace, and closely confine the disorderly natives of the soul; by this means thou shalt live free from the molestation of thine internal foes, and die estranged to the horrors of dissolution and a guilty conscience.

LIVE holy; die daily to sin; watch your heart; guard your senses; redeem your time; believe in Christ, and long for glory; so shall happiness attend you while on earth, and eternal felicity be your portion in Heaven.

Let not thy mind with anxious care be vext
But spend this life preparing for the next;
Mayst thou at last by a triumphant death,
Without convulcive pangs resign thy breath;
And when thou art buried mayst thou truly have
*Few* tears, but *friendly*, pour'd into thy grave
Then will thy exit so propitious be,
That all mankind will wish to die like thee.

THE

* Earnestly seek after that wisdom of which, the beginning is the fear of God, and the end and effect eternal felicity.

Endeavour to acquire that knowledge, that may comfort you under the attacks of misfortunes or preserve you from the contagion of vice.

## THE CASTLE OF ERASMUS; A LEGENDARY TALE.

*The ways of Providence are dark and intricate.* CATO.

THE pipe was mute in the vallies, and the hills were no longer responsive to the vocal reed.—Three years had elapsed since the young and generous Bertrand was assassinated by Caled, near the Castle of Erasmus,—his lance hung inverted on his tomb, and his honours were mingled with the dust of his fathers.

"O WHEN shall my sufferings have an end, "and the grief-worn frame return to its kindred "clay?—Never shall thy lovely image be erased "from my memory; thy virtues are engraven on "my heart!"—It was the voice of the amiable Eliza, offering her evening orisons at the shrine of her beloved Bertrand.

SILENCE held her still domain throughout the fertile plains, save where the distant watch-dog mark'd the rural hamlet.—Cynthia had gained the summit of her azure throne,—and smiled in lucid majesty o'er the blue expanse.—All nature aided the solemnity!—A row of aged oaks led to a cluster of spreading firs, which discovered a marble sepulchre adorn'd with military trophies,—

The

The beautiful Eliza, amiable in sorrows, and patient in affliction, graced the awful scene.—She was kneeling in a posture of adoration and prayer,—her sable garment hung loose in melancholy folds, and mingled with her auburn tresses; the briny tear of affliction stood in her languid eye, and the cypress groves reiterated the sighs of a broken heart.

In the midst of her orisons, Clifford (by whose command the assassination of Bertrand was prepetrated) appeared before the sorrowful Eliza.—Rage instantly kindled in her cheek, and reproaches burst from her lips.—"Dar'st thou, *per-*
"*fidious* and *prophane* approach this hallowed place?
" —Ye Gods! where are your avenging bolts?
" Why sleeps the thunder when this wretch draws
" near?—Dost thou not fear the anger of Almighty
" power? Or is thy heart more hard than ada-
" mant, leagued with demons of revenge to ward
" the stroke of justice?

" Chide not too lovely fair one (replied the
" repentant Clifford;) it was love for thee that led
" me on to madness: I beheld a favoured rival in
" the happy Bertrand;—I considered life, *with-*
" *out thee*, as an ocean exposed to incessant tem-
" pests,—but *with thee* all that heaven *could be-*
" *stow*,

" *stow*, or *I could wish*.—I vainly thought one bar
" alone remained between me and my fanci d joys:
" —in a rash moment I employed he cursed Caled
" to execute my fell design;—he obey'd, took his
" reward and fled, since which time peace has been
" banished from the breast of Clifford, and soon
" must the cold hand of death bring him to an
" expiation of his crimes.

" AND dost thou talk of love, abhorred assassin?
" thou who hast laid low the image of perfection
" —my Bertrand was the first, and shall be the
" last, my bleeding heart has ever own'd—Hear
" me beloved shade! and witness for me all ye
" cherubs watching round his tomb, ne'er shall
" Eliza taste of pleasure more till we again shall
" meet in fields of joy:—then shall the rays of end-
" less peace and love dispel the earthly mists of
" pain and woe." Eliza again prostrated herself before the shrine, and Clifford, dejected, returned through the avenue to the castle.

ALWIN, surnamed the good (who was then on the throne) hearing of the sorrows of Eliza, resolved to undertake the cause of injured innocence, by offering a considerable reward to the Champion who would meet Clifford, in a single combat. The time of the approaching tournaments

ments drew on a pace, at length the day arrived, appointed for the cause of Eliza.—The Circus was crowded with spectators. The king was seated beneath a canopy adorned with the riches of the east, and the constant fair one sat at his right hand; —every eye was centred on one object—the injured Eliza!—Clifford appeared in the lists,—and the trumpet was thrice sounded—a stranger instantly appeared and accepted the challenge; his helmet of massy gold covered his face, it was studded with diamonds, and the nodding plumes shook defiance to his foe;—his armour of exquisite workmanship, darted a splendid radiance throughout the Circus, and the blood-red cross on his breast displayed a knight zealous in the christian cause.

THE dignity of his appearance, the symmetry of his shape, and the graceful manner with which he took up the glove charmed every beholder.—Clifford, all trembling, approached and thus addressed the multitude.—"You see before you a "wretch destined by the hand of fate, to meet "eternal vengeance:—fall I must, if not by the "sword of my accuser, the weight of my own sins "must soon bring me with sorrow to the grave." —The martial trumpets were again flourish'd, and the champions engaged.—For some time the victory

victory was doubtful, till at length the powerful arm of the stranger laid the lofty Clifford in the dust, and the Circus re-echoed with repeated acclamations.—His wound was mortal, and his friends gathered around him, even the injured Eliza sympathised in the tears shed on the dying penitent.

WHILE the crowd was attentive to the departing Clifford, a man muffled in a pilgrim's habit pressed forward, and throwing open his garment, thus addressed the vanquished champion.- "Thou "man of sorrows, behold in this disguise, the "person of Caled, once *thy* vassel, at whose com- "mand I undertook the murder of the worthy "Bertrand, if thou hast enough of life to hear the "event, attend and learn:"—The eyes of Clifford were nearly set in night, but agitated by a thousand emotions, seemed to express a desire to hear the narrative of Caled, who thus proceeded, —"Urged by your entreaties and the hopes of gain, I approached the wood where Bertrand was rapt in pious meditation:—though bribed to murder, and bent on the horrid purpose, I relented, and discovered my intent to the gallant youth, whom I pressed to depart.—I have since heard he rendered himself famous on the plains of Palestine, by inlisting in the holy war.

DISGUISED

DISGUISED in a pilgrim's habit, I followed Bertrand to Jerusalem—but my search was vain —for soon I heard that Bertrand was no more:— Flush'd with success, he joined the Croises led by the gallant Richard, and met the shaft of death before the walls of Cyprus.—Hope, horror, and despair, alternately reigned in the bosom of Eliza during the narrative, at the conclusion of which she fell lifeless at the feet of the victor.—The Champion, lifting up his helmet caught her in his arms, "Behold (cried the stranger), one whose "soul is link'd to thine,—revive thou paragon of "excellence.—'Tis *Bertrand* calls thee back to "*life* and *love!*"—At the well-known name, Eliza awakened from her trance, and after gazing some time with speechless admiration, at length articulated;—'It is—it is—my long lost Bertrand!" Clifford lived but a few moments after the discovery—he received the pardon of the injured pair, and closed his eyes in peace.—Bertrand turned to the astonished Caled, and embraced him as a friend —every eye sparkled with joy, and every heart participated in the happiness of *Bertrand* and *Eliza*.

IT is recorded in the annals of the Castle, that virtue shall meet her reward, and vice be humbled at her feet.

AFTER paying the funeral rites to the manes of the unfortunate Clifford,—the nuptials were consummated, in the utmost stile of magnificence at Alwin's palace.—Eliza by degrees recovered her native bloom.—Love glistened in her eye, and the roses revelled in her cheek. Bertrand again displayed his trophies in the hall of the Castle, and again assumed the hero!

THE pipe once more gladden'd the vallies, and the hills were rendered vocal by the responsive notes of the reed. Peace spread her airy wings athwart the verdant plains,—In the vaulted roofs reverberated the sound of the harp in the happy Castle of Erasmus.

## HASSARACK AND SELIMA.

### AN EASTERN TALE.

THERE resided in the city of Bagdat, a man, whose name was Bennasker, his riches exceeded those of the wealthiest of his countrymen, and his house was as magnificent as the palace of the Caliph; he was benevolent, affable, and humane.

mane. The person whom the will of the most High had condemned to poverty, his hand was ever open to relieve; his pity for those who were involved in misery, was as the mercy of Alla to degenerate mortals, yet still a latent wish disturbed his tranquillity, and interrupted his repose. He sighed for a companion in the path of life; the god of his fathers heard his prayer; a fair one, beautiful as the Houri, soft, and gentle as the zephyrs, pure as the dew of heaven, and wiser than the daughters of men, was given to his arms. Bennasker received the blessing with transport, he clasped Abima to his bosom, and often did he congratulate himself upon his felicity; but his soul bowed not before Alla, and the most High beheld the affections of Bennasker, weaned from the God of his fathers, and that in his present happiness he remembered not the hand which bestowed it.

THE great Alla therefore issued his supreme command, that Abima should be snatched from his bosom.

THE hand of death quickly closed the eyes of Abima, and her soul was wafted to the mansions of the blessed.

BENNASKER now resigned himself to the bitterest lamentations; his days were spent in anguish, and his nights in never ceasing complaints. The hand of peace no longer closed his eyes in refreshing slumbers, and rest was a stranger to his soul.

IN the visions of the night, it pleases Alla sometimes to instruct and reprove the children of the dust.

AT the solemn hour of midnight, when the sons and daughters of misery forget their woes, and the children of labour take their rest, Bennasker was stretched upon his couch, his eyes for a moment ceased to weep, and his bosom to remember its pangs. The thunders of Alla shook the house; and, surrounded with the light of Heaven, the Angel of Instruction, sent from the most High, appeared, and thus addressed the trembling Bennasker, "Why, O man! dost thou repine at "the will of the Almighty? Thou art deprived "of the idol of thy heart, but the dispensations "of Providence, are ever guided by unerring "wisdom and justice. Thou sufferedst the love "of Abima to lead thee into error, therefore thou "seeth her no more; but thou hast yet a child; "be careful lest thy ingratitude should provoke

"Alla,

"Alla, to snatch from thee thy remaining com-
"fort; let not the thoughts of past felicity
"interrupt the present, but be thou resigned to
"the will of Heaven." Bennasker heard with trembling the voice of the Angel, yet his soul refused to obey the celestial dictates, and still was he heard to repine at the decrees of omniscience; when, as he was one evening walking in his garden, and reflecting upon his beloved Abima, the cries of his child assailed his ears; from what quarter they arose, the hurry and confusion of his thoughts prevented him from discerning; he immediately flew to its apartment, when he found that the child was gone; and not doubting but some ruffians had robbed him of his little treasure, Bennasker immediately commanded the most diligent search to be made after the babe, but the servants returned without success. Not doubting, therefore but this was designed as a punishment for his disobedience, and tired of the world, and its vain pursuits, he retired to spend his remaining days in contemplation, on those that were gone for ever.

NEAR twenty years had elapsed since his seclusion from the world, when at that season, when the God of life and light reanimates the verdant creation, he left his peaceful dwelling on

the plains of Indostan, to offer up his adorations at the tomb of Mahomet, the Prophet of Alla the father of the faithful. Long had his weary limbs travelled over the scorching sands of the sultry East, ere he arrived at the place where the sacred remains of the Prophet are deposited. Raptures, pure as the imagination of Mahomet, filled his astonished mind when he beheld the tomb suspended in the temple; he remembered the commands contained in the sacred Alcoran, prostrated himself before the tomb, and thus addressed the holy Prophet:

"O THOU, to whom Alla has granted the light "of wisdom and knowledge, whose hand when "thou wert on earth, was stretched forth to re- "lieve the necessitous, and whose lips spake the "the words of instruction, grant unto thy servant "that he may so conduct himself, as always to obey "the will of heaven, and never swerve from its "holy commandments. He has long led a life of "retirement, and like the fowl which the fox seek- "eth to devour, he has been contemned by the "world, and despised by the wicked; he has felt, "there is something he has neglected which he "ought to have done, and therefore he is come to "pray for instruction, and implore assistance."

AT the inſtant Bennasker concluded his prayer, a vivid flame surrounded the tomb, and a form more beauteous than the daughters of Circassia appeared to the eyes of the admiring sage, and thus addressed him:

"BENNASKER! the Prophet has heard thy "prayer, and has attended to the voice of thy "supplications; he has taken pity on thy suffer- "ings, and has commissioned me to warn thee of "greater ills which, such is his decree, are only to "be prevented by your own exertion. Ben- "nasker! thou hast a son, who is plunged into "the greatest misery, in the city of Bagdat: 'tis "thou alone can'st rescue him from impending "danger, and in thy hand is the appointment of "his fate; if thou shouldst by thy endeavours "discover his retreat, his life will be saved, and "thou shalt be happy. Consider, O Bennasker, "thy perilous situation, and hasten to the relief "of thy suffering offspring. I must disclose no "further, and therefore leave thee to execute "the commands of the Prophet."—At these "words the form disappeared, and Bennasker, "whose eyes were rivetted to the earth, for some time continued motionless; at length re- covering himself, he bowed submission, and de- parted.

THOUGH

THOUGH emaciated by his late fatigue, he travelled towards Bagdat, hoping to discover his son, and strengthened by that hope, he proceeded with comfort and satisfaction to himself. He at length arrived at his native city, but alas! what was his concern when he sought in vain, for the least vestige of his former magnificent dwelling, when he beheld his beautiful garden a wilderness, and in the place of the aromatic herb, discerned the ungrateful thorn; his tears watered the place, and his reflections upon the ravages of time filled his breast with sorrow, yet he proceeded on his enquiry. Passing the spot where public offenders are executed, he perceived an unusual crowd gathered together to behold a suffering criminal; Bennasker directed his eyes to the place, and saw a young man in the bloom of youth preparing to launch into the presence of Alla; the words of the Angel occurring to his remembrance, he eagerlyenquired the name of the criminal, and learning it was Hassarack, he hastily rushed through the crowd, and thus addressed the Caliph of Bagdat:

"O THOU, in whose hands is the dispensation "of life and death, attend to the words of thy ser- "vant: I once was wealthy and honourable as "thou art; my riches were innumerable, and the "name

" name of Bennasker was known over all the na-
" tions of the East; but I repined at the dispen-
" sations of Alla, in taking from me my wife Abi-
" ma, and the God of my fathers punished me
" by depriving me of my only child; avenge
" not therefore, O mighty Caliph, the sins of
" Bennasker upon Hassarack, but issue thy com-
" mandment that I may suffer in the place of my
" son; if thou art a parent thou wilt know my
" feelings, if not, thou may'st imagine my di-
" stress; if Hassarack is guilty, I am the cause, in
" depriving him of affluence, peace, and comfort;
" which were in my power to have bestowed
" upon him, had he continued in the house of
" his father."

At the conclusion of this address, the Caliph was observed to be greatly distressed, and he ordered the execution to be postponed for one day. In the mean time Bennasker learnt that his son was condemned for murdering his dearest friend; amazed at the intelligence, his heart failed him, and he could scarcely support himself, till the ensuing day.

Early the next morning, the Caliph commanded that Bennaskar and Hassarack should be brought before him; they immediately obeyed the

the summons, and the eyes of the Caliph brightened at their approach. Bennasker and Hassarack prostrated themselves at his feet, and heard with surprise the following address:

"I have examined, O Hassarack, thy case: "I have found that thou art guilty, but there is "room for mercy; thou lovest a virgin, beautiful "as the inhabitants of Heaven, and thy power "was exerted to preserve her honour. The "friend of thy bosom attempted to oppose thee "in the possession of thy love, but thy arm was "mighty, he fell, and died; accept then O Has-"sarack! pardon for thy crime, and let the re-"mainder of thy days be spent with thy father, "and the woman of thy choice."

At these words the Caliph retired from the apartment, and left the astonished Bennasker and Hassarack to enjoy their own happiness, and meditate on their own felicity. Hassarack then besought his father to permit him to be united to the beautiful Selima. Bennasker consented, and the praises of the Caliph for his generosity to Hassarack, resounded through all the city of Bagdat.

## THE PLEASURES OF A GARDEN, IN A LETTER TO THE DUTCHESS OF R.....

*Solitude sometimes is best Society.* MILTON.

May it please your GRACE,

A GARDEN was the first pleasing and beautiful habitation of our first parents; selected by heaven, as the most agreeable scene, to amuse their thoughts, and to protect their innocence; and I sincerely wish, that the verdant lawns, the arching shades and the cooling groves of *Goodwood**, may long afford your *Grace* the same transporting and delightful pleasures.

WHEN, *Madam*, you have experienced all the glittering and pompous vanities of this world; the emptiness of titles, and the insufficiency of birth and grandeur to add any thing to your *real* happiness, (meteors which shine and invite, only to cheat and delude us) your *Grace* will be convinced at last, that the most refined and rational satisfactions of life, are to be enjoyed in these *rurol* retirements, which moralize and instruct, while they please and delight us; gratifying our senses at the same time that they are guardians of our virtue. In the friendly shades of *retirement*, our eyes,

* The Duke of Richmond's seat in Sussex.

eyes, that were dazzled in the sunshine of society, enjoy a steady prospect of those objects which formerly interested our attention. Here avarice learns the degradation of gold, by discovering the elixir of content; ambition perceives the horrors of a royal banquet, while a sword is suspended over the heads of the company; and love, viewing the primrose on the turf of departed beauty, pants for those unfading charms that virtue reserves for her favourites, beyond the rotation of this sublunary sphere.

THE votary of solitude finds it the harbour of misfortune, the source of science, the grave of injuries, and the memory of benevolence. In the words of the poet,

He leaves a world that sings self-flatt'ring songs,
(Whose smiles are snares, whose benefits are wrongs)
To hold communion with his God on high,
Learn how to live aright, and how to die.

THERE he learns to pity the treachery that can no longer wound; as the bird resting on the rock sings defiance to the storm; having left his resentments behind, like a stingless bee, he ranges at pleasure the fields of contemplation, and from every flower collects the honey of pious gratitude; till, like the crystal stream, reflecting heaven in its breast, from the declivity of promotion, he smoothly steals into the peaceful vale of death.

A

A SOLEMN evening's walk in this enchanting solitude, formed to awaken serious thoughts and calm reflections on all the fleeting transient glories below, will inspire you with more soft, more tender, and refined sensations, than you can hope to derive, from the flattering gaieties of a court, or the treacherous smiles of fortune. It is in this cool, this peaceful, and instructive retirement, that the mind usually first begins to attend to the voice of wisdom, drops its pride and ambition, meditates upon its immortal state, and borrows its intellectual light, even from these silent shades.

THESE, *Madam*, are truths unpleasing perhaps in the prime of youth and beauty, but they are truths which reason subscribes to, and experience ratifies; resembling those salutary though bitter medicines which disgust us at first, but afterwards relieve our pains; may they be suitably attended to and regarded, is the earnest wish of,

Your Grace's,

Most humble servant to command,

## CHRISTMAS TROUBLES. A LETTER TO THE PRINTER OF A NEWSPAPER.

SIR,

I BEG leave to represent to you, that, joyful as the Christmas season is to most people, there are some circumstances attending it, which, to persons of *my* description, are not quite so agreeable. Naturally of a quiet and pacific turn, I am never more miserable than when in the midst of noise and confusion.—I love my friends, and I love their company; but I would have all things done quietly and in order—now my wife loves to be properly prepared to receive friends as she calls it; she likes to have things done in a bustle, the house turned upside down, in order to be *genteel*; or thrown *out of the window*, in order to be *fit to receive company*.

I SHALL say nothing of the washing, scrubbing, scouring, cleaning, brushing, white-washing, &c. &c. &c. which has been carried on at my house for some days past; for in such matters the attempt of a husband to interfere must be hopeless. But now, Sir, our children are come home from boarding-school, *five* as fine children, three girls and two boys, as ever you would wish to see.—

The y,

They, having been confined for five months at school, now come home with a full budget of school news (very little *learning* though,) and every word they say passes for wit.—I cannot have a moment's ease in my room—and when I want to go out, am not able to lay my hand upon any thing I want—*Jacky* has got my stick in the nursery, *Sukey* has my best wig, with a kitten asleep in it—*Betsey* has ran away with my hat, to bring home the rolls in it—*Tommy* has picked my pocket of my gloves—and *Charlotte* is rolling herself in my great coat.—All this my wife calls *spirits*—and says, "Bless the sweet lambs! sure, Mr. Farringdon, you would not snub the dear creatures!"

It was but yesterday I asked my neighbour the *Deputy*, to come over and smoke a pipe, and take a glass with me in the afternoon, as I had some particular business to talk over—(you must know, Sir, our *church* is about to be *repaired*;)—but no sooner had the worthy Deputy taken his seat, and begun to tell me, how much better it would be to pull down the church entirely than to repair it, than in came my wife with the whole family, that is to say, my *five* children aforesaid, two *dogs*, two *cats*, a *kitten*, and a *squirrel*.—Here was an end to every thing.—The Deputy was obliged to

hear *Jacky* read, *Betsey* sing, *Tommy* play on the whistle, and the other two dance what my wife calls a *contrary dance*. The two dogs, likewise, had their share in the performance, and the squirrel being fixed on my wig, added not a little to the amusements of the afternoon.

AND this, Sir, has been the case in my house, whether I have company or not, ever since the children arrived.—I wish, Sir, that you would put this into your paper, for my wife reads it, and likes any thing you say vastly; and add a little about keeping noisy children to their proper place in the nursery; and say moreover, that although parents may be very fond of their own children, yet it is possible *other* people may not be *quite* so well pleased with them, especially if they are troublesome.

I am,

SIR,

Your's, &c.

*Dec.* 20*th.*

## CHRISTMAS CIVILITY. A FRAGMENT.

*The Compliments of the Season, Sir.*

CIVILITY is a choice qualification;—valuable at *all* times of the year—but most conspicuous principally for a week or two before *Christmas.*

No negligence, no idleness, no forgetfulnees among our servants now—all attentive, industrious, obliging *to a degree*;—for they have the "sure and certain hope" that Christmas is at hand.

THE waiters at the Coffee-houses, too—Ods me! how they run about—no papers now *in hand*; no *thin* bread and butter, which a puff of wind might blow away—no slop-coffee as weak as water—no waiting for the boot-jack an hour—Don't wait a minute for any thing—a paper thrust into your hand the moment you enter the room—all *attention*, *assiduity*, and *readiness.*

THE postman, too! how regularly we receive our letters—no late deliveries—no occasion to early

carry complaints to the Comptroller's Office—even the penny-post is worth *two*-pence, for a week before Christmas.

AYE—and the pew-openers at church too—no standing in the aile, now—no cooling one's heels in the entrance before you can get a seat—no no.—Would to heaven *Christmas* civility lasted all the year. . . . . .

## HORATIO. A LIVING CHARACTER.

*A rolling stone gathers no moss:*

SELF-interest is undoubtedly in general the primum mobile of all our actions: as soon as we arrive at years of maturity, we are convinced of the advantages resulting from wealth, and riches is the goal to which we are all excited to run. That those who are not born heirs to a fortune should pursue some laudable end to acquire a competence, is not only praise-worthy, but absolutely incumbent on them, since, without some share of wealth, we must be in want of all the necessaries and conveniencies of life. All men are convinced

convinced of this truth, and much the greater part are under the necessity of experiencing it; from the uniformity of men's pursuits we are naturally led to expect a uniformity of measures, yet a little investigation into the variety of man's conduct, will soon convince us that consistency, and a regular uninterrupted prosecution of a well-digested plan, falls to the share of very few men.

HORATIO being arrived at years of discretion, and finding the necessity of making choice of some profession for procuring himself that ease and those conveniencies, without which life would be a burthen, carefully examines the extent of his abilities, with the probability of their being adequate to the prosecution of that line of life, in which his connections most naturally lead him, and finds *divinity* the best calculated to promote his future welfare; his relations having it in their power to introduce him to dignified honours; the most distinguished among them promise him their patronage, and his natural endowments are such, as with proper application would enable him to reflect honour on his protectors. Horatio accordingly adopts the plan, pursues his clerical studies with chearfulness and alacrity, and, where reason so evidently points out the necessity of perseverance,

perseverance, it would scarcely be supposed he would deviate from so direct a path; yet Horatio is soon discouraged; a few difficulties arise in the prosecution of his studies, which to him appear insurmountable; the road to preferment, which at first appeared spacious and level, is suddenly contracted and beset with briars and thorns.

INDOLENCE magnifies mole-hills into mountains, which, casting a shade over the distant prospect, operates so forcibly on his mind, as to induce him to change his course, and direct his steps towards some view, perhaps less eminent, but in appearance easier of access. The *law* becomes the next object of his pursuit, and he consoles himself for the want of interest in that line, with the fond hope that abilities are alone sufficient to secure him a distinguished post in that department; his abilities in fact meet with some encouragement, and he experiences as much success in his new profession as might reasonably be expected, but that success not being so rapid as he wished, and falling short of his sanguine expectations, he suddenly quits the bar for the *camp*, where his fickle disposition did not suffer him long to remain; but after embracing and rejecting a number of pursuits, the protection of his relations,

and

and the esteem of his friends, is at length reduced to the necessity of *playing the fool for bread* at a country theatre.

WHOEVER thinks this picture exaggerated, let them look round among their friends; or, if they can divest themselves of partiality, thoroughly examine *themselves*, and few, I believe, will be able to say that on the most important occasions of life, they have always acted agreeable to the dictates of right reason, or contrary to the impulse of mere self-interest.

## THE DANGER OF INCONSIDERATION.

### AN ESSAY.

*How great the folly to be wise too late!*

TO a sensible mind, unacquainted with the world, it would appear almost impossible that rational and accountable beings, whose days are uncertain, and whose happiness in a future state depends, in a great measure, on the due performance of present duties, should be so regardless of their best interests, as not frequently to consider

consider their latter end. But general experience confirms it to be a truth. The *present* moment engrosses our whole attention, and we silently pass on to "the house appointed for all the living," without thought, and without reflection.

WHENCE can this inconsistency of conduct arise? Is it because the bare apprehension of being taken from visible things, covers the mind with a melancholy gloom?

TO the *virtuous* this can never be the case: to the *vicious* indeed it may. They cannot reflect on their final separation from what now delights them without feeling a secret horror. Their desires and prospects are bounded by sensuality; and they consider no loss so great as that of those objects which now delight them. They have no just idea of that felicity, of those celestial and permanent enjoyments, which await the virtuous when they are removed from the illusive objects of time and sense, and centered in a state unchangeable and everlasting. They consider not the end of their being, or the imperishable nature of an immortal spirit; are not conscious that they possess faculties capable of everlasting improvement; faculties which only bud in time, but which, if properly

properly cultivated, will gloriously expand and flourish in immortal vigour for ever *.

MAN is possest of two different natures, animal and rational; with respect to the first, he may with propriety say "*to the worm thou art my mother and my sister.*" By virtue of the latter, he may exult in his divine origin, and claim kindred with the celestial inhabitants of Heaven. But so great is the degeneracy of mankind in general, that numbers seem entirely unconscious of their dignity, and act more inconsistently with the duties of their station than the beasts that perish. They voluntarily degrade themselves from their rank in creation, and instead of aspiring to the substantial happiness of their rational nature, are indulging themselves in brutal and fleshly gratifications.

THE licentious indulgence of passions given to be governed, and not to command, employs those faculties, and that time, which ought to be employed in acts of goodness, benevolence, and the exercise of every moral and social virtue. Every trifle that floats before the eye of vanity, calls off their

* But thou shalt flourish in *immortal* youth,
Unhurt, amidst the wars of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

CATO.

their attention from considerations of infinitely greater importance; and that great work which the most active life can barely accomplish, is put off to the evening of old age. Those faculties and powers of the mind which were given us for the noblest of all purposes, to adore the Deity and investigate his glorious perfections, are debased to the mean employment of accumulating wealth instead of honour, and empty fame, instead of a just and virtuous praise.

How shocking must the condition of those be! who have thus mispent their time and talents, when the fatal mandate arrives, which will summons them to the tomb? when every thing will appear in its true colours; when the illusive phantoms with all vanish, and the voice of conscience shall at once proclaim their crimes, and their destiny? at that season, what are riches, honours, titles, external pomp and grandeur? what indeed, but the *ignis fatuus* of a mistaken fancy, which having danced before us for a moment, eternally disappears.

If such persons look backward, the black catalogue of their multiplied transgressions, like the roll which Ezekiel saw, "is written, within and without, with lamentation, mourning, and woe." If they look forward the prospect is gloomy,

gloomy, "clouds and darkness hang upon it." The day is ended, and the night begins wherein no man can work.

THEN "all that now sparkles in the eye of hope, or pants in the bosom of desire," will lose its power of pleasing. The certainty of those solemn truths will be felt, which in the days of festivity have been treated as idle chimeras, or enthusiastic reveries. How far the mercy of a gracious God may be withheld from such, I will not presume to determine; far be it from me to limit its glorious extension; but who that think aright, would presume to risk the happiness of their immortal souls on such a dread uncertainty?

## THE SUBSTANCE OF A VERY SINGULAR DISCOURSE, LATELY DELIVERED TO A COUNTRY CONGREGATION, BY A CELEBRATED METHODIST PREACHER.

LAST Sunday evening Mr. W—— declared to his audience, in Trinity-lane, that he was going to hold forth the Blessed Redeemer, as a friend to *all*; but, especially to his *Saints*. And

in order that they might the more easily remember it; he would do it *alphabetically*.

THE Text was, *There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a Brother.* He began with observing in A, Christ was an all-sufficient Friend; in B he was a bountiful Friend; in C he was a constant one, and a divine one in D; he was an everlasting Friend in E, while F stood for a faithful Friend, and G for a gracious one. In H he was a heavenly Friend, while in I and J he was not only an innocent Friend, but also a just one, He was a kind Friend in K, and a loving one in L.

IN M he was a merciful Friend, a necessary one in N, while in O he was an old one; and in P, a powerful one. In Q, he was a quenchless Friend, and a rich one in R. He was a Soul satisfying Friend in S; while in T he was a true one; in U and V, he was not only a useful Friend, but also a valiant one, and the more to be estimated, because, that in W he was a wise one.

X, AS it stands for Christ, might remind them that he is always the Christain's Friend; Y and Z, were precious letters, because he was a Yearning Friend in Y, and in Z, he was a zealous one. He concluded with observing, that he had been at all this

this trouble for the sake of Grace-seeking Souls, that let their Meditations begin with what Letter they would, they might find somewhat to assist them - - - - - - - -

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THIS methodical or rather *alphabetical* way of expounding scripture, reminds me of what nurses often say to divert children, A, apple-pye, B, bit it, C, cut it, D, divided it, E, eat it, &c. &c. Would to God preachers in general aimed more at solid *wisdom* than puerile *wit* in the pulpit, and endeavoured more to affect the *hearts* than divert the *ears* of their congregations. W.

## ON EPITHETS IN POETRY.

IN poetical performances, nothing is more frequent, than the practice of loading a line with useless epithets, and unmeaning phrases, merely to fill up the necessary number of syllables. In order to point out what I mean more fully, I shall produce an example from the writings of a man, who is of no small consequence in the literary world: from the writings of Mr. *Addison*.

THE following simile in the Tragedy of Cato has been greatly admired:

So the pure limpid stream when foul'd with stains
Of gushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r, that on the border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair bosom shows.

IN the four first lines of this simile the judicious reader will immediately perceive, that the poet has done little more than call a spade a spade; that is, has made use of synonymous terms, or meanings exactly similar; the epithet *pure* is just the same as *limpid*; and we are not to be told, that when a stream is *foul'd*, it must, of course, be *stained*. Again; to work itself *clear*, it must *refine* as it runs, and consequently, refining only as it runs, its *shining* must be *gradual*. Seriously, the poet might as well have repeated the word *pure*, as have joined *limpid* with it; and he might have with as much elegance informed us, that the stream was *stained* with *stains*, as have adopted a word with a similar signification. Mr. Addison, indeed, as a prose writer, is fairly entitled to our admiration; as a versifier he has but a small claim to our applause: it is not so much to censure him that I have pointed out the poetical redundance in his simile, as to warn your Parnassian readers, against copying an error which certainly merits correction.

IN

In poetry our epithets should never be forced: properly used, they have a fine effect; when they are evidently dragged in to spin out the measure of a line, and are also weak repetitions of the same idea, they become execrable. To the beauty of epithets, nothing contributes so much as variety, and variety is easily produced. For instance, a stream has more qualities than one; it may be smooth as well as limpid; a rose has colour as well as fragrance to distinguish it from other flowers. When the objects before us, therefore, have qualities enough to furnish us with a diversity of epithets, we must be strangely forgetful indeed, when we tell the world that "superlative excellence, is excellence in the highest degree."

No writer who is a master of his art, will throw away his words; he will never introduce any thing into his piece which is not really necessary for the main purpose of his design. An author should always rather aim at saying *pertinent* things, than fine ones. When his partiality for a new sentiment is running away with his understanding, he ought to consider that the eye of criticism is much more disposed to dart disdain than to sparkle admiration; he ought to consider that the noblest excursion of genius improperly introduced, is, at best, but a brilliant absurdity.

For these reasons, therefore, when a person sits down to write upon a subject which is in his opinion, of importance to mankind, he should by all means, prefer the substantial advantages of internal utility, to the flimsy fripperies of external decoration: he should endeavour to be clear, before he attempts to shine; and when he aims at the florid in style, he should take particular care, if he wishes to be well received in good company, to avoid pert rescission on the one hand, and lifeless prolixity on the other. What is style, if it has not something solid as well as showy to embellish it?—He surely must appear in a light truly ridiculous, who takes an infinite deal of pains to form a sentence, by which the most inconsiderable end cannot possibly be answered.

Upon the whole, if we cannot arrive at a good style inliterary composition without tediousness or tautology; if we are obliged to load every line or paragraph with an useless weight of words, merely to give our sentiments a little air of smoothness and regularity, I humbly conceive we shall approve ourselves much more judicious, tirely refraining from the pen.

## THE DISTREST FAMILY; OR, EXTREME POVERTY ARRESTED. A PATHETIC FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE spectre Famine hath usurped the seat of Plenty. There are *seven* small children; without any symptoms of that rosy hilarity, which usually attends the most innocent untroubled period of life;—the pale young woman, whose arm is round one of the youngest, with one (still smaller) which she is dandling on her knee, is their *mother*; and that tottering phantom of a man, whom age hath rendered feebler than the feeblest of the children, is the *father* of that mother.———

I BEG pardon: I have over-looked a personage, of no small consequence. At the side of the broken lattice, you behold one of the King's officers. He has a paper in his hand, a pen in his mouth, and his eyes are running up and down the room, in the most eager dispatch.

FOR once, we will dispense with fashionable ceremonies, and peep over his left shoulder.

This

This method has enabled us to read, what he entitles——an INVENTORY,——*viz.*

ONE table, split in the left lid, and two of the joints wanting.

One cradle.

A small stool.

An oyster-barrel.

One go-cart.

Three chairs, two without backs, the rush rotten.

One child's chair, the bottom almost gone.

Four knives, one without a handle.

Ditto forks, two of the prongs broken.

One-fifth of an iron poker.

A box-iron.

One cinder-sifter, terribly battered,

And one wooden fender burnt in six places.

*N. B.* A small tea-chest, lock lost, and the cannisters bruised.

To be carried off or sold the 18th instant *.

——poor helpless Family, I pity you from the bottom of my heart,—would to God I was able to do more than *pity*, but I'm in want myself—— * * * * *

SELECT

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* Well may those unfeeling Landlords be stiled *inhuman*, who can seize for rent such extreme poverty and wretchedness.

## SELECT ANECDOTES AND STORIES.

*Account of the Dumplers, a religious Sect in Pensylvania.*

"AMONG the numerous sects of religion with which this province abounds, there is one called the *Dumplers*. This sect took its origin from a German, who, weary of the world, retired to a very solitary place, about fifty miles from Philadelphia; several of his countrymen came to visit him in his retreat, and by his pious, simple, and peaceable manners, many where induced to settle near him, and in a short time adopting his mode, they formed a little colony which they called Euphrates, in allusion to that river upon whose borders the Hebrews used to sing Psalms.

THEIR little city is built in the form of a triangle, bordered with mulberry and apple trees, very regularly planted. The center of their town is a large orchard, and their houses which are built of wood are three stories high, in these, every Dumpler is left to enjoy his meditations without disturbance.

THEIR number does not seem to exceed five hundred; their territory is nearly three hundred acres

acres in extent, on one side of which is a river, on the opposite a lake—and on the other two are mountains covered with trees.

THEY have women of their community who live separate from the men, they seldom see each other but at places of Worship, and never have meetings of any kind but for public business; their whole life is spent in labour, prayer and sleep.

As to their religion, in some measure it resembles the Quakers: for every individual, if he thinks it is his duty, has a right to preach.

RELIGION among the Dumplers has the same effect Philosophy had among the Stoics, rendering them insensible to every kind of insult: they are more passive and disinterested than some of the Quakers, for they will suffer themselves to be cheated, robbed, and abused without retaliating, or complaint.

THEIR dress is very simple and plain, consisting of a long white gown, from whence hangs a hood to serve the purposes of a hat; a coarse shirt, thick shoes and very wide breeches, sometimes resembling those the Turks wear. The

men.

men wear their beards to a great length; some I saw were down to the waist; at first sight of them it reminded me of those ancient bards the Druids, from their reverential appearance. The women are dressed similar to the men excepting the breeches.

THEIR life is very abstemious, eating no meat; not that they deem it unlawful, but more comformable to the spirit of Christianity; which they argue has an aversion to blood; and upon those grounds they subsist only on vegetables and the produce of the earth."

THEY follow with great chearfulness their various branches of business; in some of which *every individual* partakes, and the produce of their labour is deposited in one common stock, to supply the necessity of every individual; by this union of industry, they have not only established agriculture, and manufactures sufficient to support their little society, but a surplus for the purposes of exchange for European commodities.

THOUGH the two sexes live separate, they do not renounce matrimony; but those who are disposed to it, leave the city and settle in the country, on a tract of land which the Dumplers have purchased

purchased for that purpose. The couple are supported, at first, at the public expence, which they repay by the produce of their labour; their children are sent to Germany, in general, for education.

ALTHOUGH there are so many sects, and such a difference of religious opinions in this province, it is surprizing the harmony which subsits among them; they consider themselves as children of the same father, and live like brethren, because they have the liberty of thinking like men. To this pleasing harmony, in a great measure, is to be attributed the rapid and flourishing state of Pensylvania above all the other provinces. Would to Heaven, that harmony was equally as prevalent all over the world.

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## TELL THE TRUTH.

THE Duke of Ossura, as he passed by Barcelona, having got leave to release some slaves; he went aboard the Cape Galley, and passing through the slaves, he asked divers of them what their offences were. Every one excused himself; one saying that he was put in out of

of malice, another by bribery of the judge, but all of them unjustly. Among the rest there was one little sturdy black man, and the Duke asked him what he was in for; "Sir," said he, "I cannot deny but I am justly put in here, for I wanted money, and so took a purse near Sarragona, to keep me from starving." The Duke, with a staff he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows upon the shoulders, saying, "You rogue, what do you here amongst so many honest innocent men? get you gone out of their company." So he was set free, and the rest remained to tug at the oar.

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## PATIENCE.

THERE was an uncivil fellow, that did nothing all the day long but rail against Pericles, the famous Athenian, in the market-place, and before all the people: and though he was at that time the public magistrate, yet he took no notice of it, but all the while dispatched sundry matters of importance, till night came; and then with a sober pace went home, towards his house, this varlet following him all the way with abuse. Pericles, when he came to his house, it being

dark, called to his man, and bade him light the fellow home, lest it being night he should lose his way.

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### FORBEARANCE.

WHEN the Duke of Saxony made great preparations for war against a pious and devout Bishop of Magdeburg, the Bishop, not regarding his defence, applied himself to his episcopal function, in the visiting and the well-governing of his church: and when it was told him that the Duke was upon his march against him, he replied, "I will take care of the reformation of my churches, and leave unto Providence the care of my safety." The Duke had a spy in the city, who hearing of this answer of the Bishop's, gave his master a speedy account thereof. The Duke having received this information, did thereupon dismiss his army, and desisted from his expedition, saying, "he would not fight against him who had God to fight for him."

## CONSCIENCE.

A PYTHAGOREAN had bought a pair of shoes of a cobler: but having no money at present, desired him to stay for it till the morrow, and then he would return to pay him. He came with his money, according to agreement; and then heard that the cobler was newly dead; he therefore without mention of the money, departed, with a secret joy for the unexpected gain he had made that day; but finding that his conscience would not suffer him to be quiet, he takes the money, goes to the cobler's shop, and casting in the money there; "Go thy ways," said he, for though he is dead to all the world besides, yet he is alive to me."

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## HONESTY AND GENEROSITY.

A POOR Man, who was door-keeper to a house in Milan, found a purse which contained two hundred crowns. The man who had lost it, informed by a public advertisement, came to the house, and giving sufficient proof that the purse belonged to him, the door-keeper restored it.

Full of joy and gratitude, the owner offered his benefactor twenty crowns, which he absolutely refused. Ten were then proposed, and afterwards five; but the door-keeper still continuing inexorable, the man threw his purse upon the ground, and in an angry tone cried, "I have lost nothing, nothing at all, if you thus refuse to accept of a gratuity." The door-keeper then consented to receive *five* crowns, which he immediately distributed amongst the poor.

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## GRATITUDE AND PIETY.

ARTABANES was distinguished with peculiar favour, by a wise, powerful, and good prince. A magnificent palace, surrounded with a delightful garden, was provided for his residence. He partook of all the luxuries of his sovereign's table, was invested with extensive authority, and admitted to the honour of a free intercourse with his gracious master. But Artabanes was insensible of the advantages which he enjoyed! his heart glowed not with gratitude and respect; he avoided the society of his benefactor, and abused his bounty.—"I detest such a character, said Alexis, with generous indignation! "It is your own

own picture which I have drawn," replied Euphronius. The great Potentate of Heaven and earth has placed you in a world, which displays the highest beauty, order, and magnificence; and which abounds with every means of convenience, enjoyment, and happiness. He has furnished you with such powers of body and mind, as give you dominion over the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field: and he has invited you to hold communion with him, and to exalt your own nature, by the love and imitation of his divine perfections. Yet have your eyes wandered, with brutal gaze, over the fair creation, unconscious of the mighty hand from which it sprung. You have rioted in the profusion of nature, without one secret emotion of gratitude to the sovereign dispenser of all good: And you have slighted the glorious converse, and forgotten the presence of that Omnipotent Being, who fills all space, and exists through all eternity.

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## CARAGUATA; OR, THE PARASITE PLANT.

THERE is a plant in the West-Indies, called the Caraguata which clings round the tree that is

nearest to its root; and soon gaining the ascendant, covers the branches with a foreign verdure, robs them of nourishment, and at last destroys its supporter.

THE distinguishing characters of the Caraguata are not confined to the vegetable kingdom, nor peculiar to any climate. They are found in the human species, and may be observed in every country. The monarch, who exalts his own power, by the debasement of the people, from whom it is derived; the statesman, who builds his greatness on the ruin of his country; and the profligate youth, whose extravagance reduces to penury a too indulgent father; all belong to the class of the Caraguata.

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## THOUGHTS.

IF we impartially examine our thoughts, we shall find that they are principally employed on the *past* or the *future*; we seldom think of the present, and if we do, it is only to enable us to lay plans for the future. Hence it happens, that we never live, but are always hoping to live, and are preparing ourselves for being happy; however

ever it is certain that we never can be so, unless we fix our attention upon something solid and lasting.

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### RICHES.

IT is not Riches that can render us happy—but the use we make of them. Horace, therefore was not contented with wishing for wealth, but he desired to be taught the art of enjoying it.

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### THE RATTLE-SNAKE.

AN European youth, sauntering through a wood in Virginia, heedless where he trod, suddenly heard a harsh rattling noise, which silenced the warbling of the nightingales, and seemed to strike terror in every living object around him. He looked forward, and beheld, across the path which he pursued, a large snake, with the head erect, the body coiled, and the tail, from which the sound proceeded, in continual agitation. Alarmed at the danger that awaited him, he hastened back to Williamsburgh; and was eager both to recount his adventure, and to give utterance

terance to the reflections it had suggested. "How wise," said he, "are the provisions of the Author of Nature, to guard his favourite man, from whatever may prove noxious or destructive to him? The lion roars when he issues from his den; the wolf howls in his nocturnal excursions; and the dreadful serpent, from which I escaped this morning, shakes his rattle, as he crawls along, to warn us of the danger that approaches."

"CEASE, young man," replied a venerable sage, "to accuse Providence of partiality; nor abuse the wisdom of God, by applauses which are founded on pride and ignorance! The animals you have mentioned, inhabit many a desert, where no human footstep can be traced; how then should their instincts or exertions have any reference to the security of man! The lions roar, and the wolves howl, to rouse the beasts from their secret hiding places: for without such discovery of their prey, of what avail would be their strength or swiftness?"

THE snake you saw, produces no sound with the tail, in the *ordinary* motions of his body; and had not a childish fear prevented, you might have been a witness to the use which he makes of his rattle. That reptile feeds chiefly on squirrels

and

and birds, which he cannot catch, without some artifice to bring them within his reach. He therefore creeps near the tree, on whose branches he perceives them; and suddenly shaking his rattle, so affrights the poor creatures, on which he fixes his piercing eyes, that they have no power to escape; and they leap from bough to bough till overcome with terror and fatigue, they fall to the ground, and are devoured by their ravenous enemy."

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## VIRTUE AND MODESTY REWARDED.

A CERTAIN Prince, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occasion for the world to call him the Patron of the Poor. He had a constant custom, once a week, to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various necessities, or the motions of his own goodness.

ONE day a poor widow, encouraged by the fame of his bounty, came unto the hall with her only daughter, a beautiful maid about *fifteen* years of age. When her turn came to be heard among

among several petitioners, the Prince, observing the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as also in her daughter, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She, blushing, and not without tears, thus addressed him, "Good Prince, I owe for the rent of my house *five* crowns, and such is my misfortune, that I have no way left to pay it, except that which would break my heart, (and my landlord threatens to force me to it)—which is, to prostitute this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto with great care educated in the principles of virtue. I beg, therefore, that you would be pleased to interpose your authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till by honest industry we can procure the rent for him."

THE Prince, moved with admiration at the woman's virtue and modest request, bid her be of good courage: then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into her hand, "Go, said he, "to my steward, and he shall deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent." The widow, overjoyed, and returning the Prince a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the note. When he had read it, he told out fifty crowns. She astonished, and not knowing what the Prince had wrote, refused to take above five crowns,

crowns, saying, she mentioned no more to his master, and she was sure it was some mistake. On the other hand, the steward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question.

BUT all the arguments he could use were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five crowns. Wherefore, to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her to the Prince, and refer it to him. When they came before him, and he was fully informed of the business: it is true," said he, "I mistook in writing *fifty* crowns; give me the paper, and I will rectify it:" Upon which he wrote again, saying to the woman, "So much modesty and virtue deserve a recompense; here I have ordered you *five hundred crowns*; what you can spare of it, lay up as a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage."

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## AN ANECDOTE OF A LIVING MONARCH.

A CERTAIN great Personage, when at Weymouth, in one of his excursions during the hay harvest, going into a field where only one woman was at work, he asked, where the rest of her companions

panions were? To which she answered, "They are gone to see the King." "And why did not you go with them?" said the royal guest. "I would not give a pin to see him," replied the woman; "neither can I afford to lose a day's work, having *five* children to provide for, &c." "Well "then," said the King, putting some money into her hand, "you may tell your companions, who are gone to see the King, *that he came to see you.*"

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## AN ANECDOTE OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

SIR Robert, who lay under some electioneering obligations to a man of some weight in a western borough, had repeatedly promised him a place, and as often pleaded prior engagements—"He was sorry for it—but a certain great man must be obliged; however, he might depend on the *next*," and so on. After repeated disappointments of this kind, the man began to despair, when a land surveyor at Bristol being killed by the fall of a sugar hogshead, he waited again on Sir Robert, who told him, "that place had been promised a twelvemonth; but, my dear friend (added he) the very next that becomes vacant, you have it, on my word, as a man of honour."

—"Why,

—"Why, then (says he) Sir Robert, I am the luckiest fellow alive, for, if my intelligence be not false, the same hogshead knocked down a brother officer, and there are *two* vacancies at the present hour."

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## A REMARKABLE SUICIDE WHICH HAPPENED AT LYONS IN 1770.

A YOUNG man well known in that city, handsome, well-made, of an amiable disposition, and very accomplished, fell in love with a young woman whose parents refused their consent to his proposals of marriage.

THE lover, in an agonizing fit, broke a blood vessel; the surgeon declared there was no remedy to stop the bleeding. His mistress found the means of getting an interview with her lover, and presented him with a brace of pistols and two poignards, that in case the former should fail, the latter might certainly dispatch them. They embraced each other tenderly for the last time. The triggers of both the pistols were fastened to rose-coloured ribbands.

THE lover took hold of the ribband of that pistol which was designed to dispatch his mistress, she held that designed for her lover; at a signal agreed upon, they both fired at the same time, and both instantly fell down dead.

WELL may the wise man say, "*Love is strong as death.*"

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## COMFORT FOR THE AFFLICTED.

*From the Arabic.*

A POOR Dervise made his pilgrimage to Mecca, barefooted for want of shoes, cursing his lot, and accusing heaven of cruelty; but when he arrived at the gate of the great Mosque of Cousa, he perceived a poor man who had lost both his feet. The view of a man more miserable than himself, afforded him some consolation, and convinced him, that it was a greater affliction to be without *feet*, than without *shoes*.

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## THE BLIND HUSBAND.

AN inhabitant of Tauris, who was very rich, had a daughter whom he was very fond of; but she

she was so ill-shaped, that she stood no chance for a husband, unless her fortune would get her one. Willing, however, to settle her before he died, he resolved, to marry her to a *blind man*, thinking that *he* would not despise her for her want of beauty. To be short, Umer, which was the name of the husband, lived very happy with his wife. A little while after, a very famous occulist coming to Tauris, the father-in-law was very much importuned to put his son-in-law under his care? "Take care of mistakes, replies he; if he should *restore* my son-in-law to sight, my son-in-law will very probably soon *restore* my daughter to me."

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## THE COUNSEL OF FERIDOUN TO HIS CHILDREN.

*An Oriental Anecdote,*

FERIDOUN, king of Persia, so celebrated for his wisdom, said to his children, "The life of man resembles a *book*, and the days which compose it; the *leaves*. Be careful to write nothing in it but such actions as truly deserve praise, and may contribute to the happiness of the people, which you are destined to rule over."

A SENTIMENT every king ought to inculcate on his children, and illustrate by his own example.

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## SORROW.

IT is the constant business of *Sorrow* to draw gloomy and dejected images of life; to anticipate the hour of misery, and to prolong it when it is arrived. Peace of mind and contentment fly from her haunts, and the amiable traces of chearfulness die beneath her influence.

SORROW is an enemy to *virtue*, while it destroys that chearful habit of mind that cherishes and supports it; it is an enemy to *piety*, for with what language shall we address that Being whose Providence our complaints either accuse or deny? It is an enemy to *health*, which depends greatly on the freedom and vigour of the animal spirits; and of *happiness* it is the reverse.

> On sorrows past, look back as now no more;
> Say of the present "they will soon be o'er."
> Fresh courage take, dismiss your gloomy fears,
> Trust in the Lord, and wipe away your tears.
>
> Solitary Walks.

ON

## ON THE RETIREMENT OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

### AN ESSAY.

*Welcome ye shades! ye bowery thickets hail?*

THOMSON.

THERE is not perhaps in the English language a word more frequently used, and so little understood as Retirement. Every class of individuals affix an interpretation to it consonant with their own peculiar ideas, but totally dissimilar from each other.

THE scholar beholds nothing in Retirement but the fancied charms of *solitude*, where his mind free from every external obstruction, may range at large over the extended, but intricate maze of metaphysics; where his fancy may cull the most luxurious sentiments, from the enchanting display of natural objects which surround him; his glowing ideas reflect on his mind a constant source of delight; and he expects in retirement little less than an *elysium* on earth.

THE statesman, sated with pomp, and removed from the helm of public affairs, thinks to enjoy in Retirement the fruits of his honoured labours, and to view with indifference (perhaps with a se-

cret satisfaction) the cares and anxieties of his successor, struggling against the torrent of opposition, and scarcely able to guide the tottering bark of state through impending storms.

THE unhappy fair one, a prey to melancholy, disappointed in her warmest wishes, reaping indifference only, where she had expected an ample harvest of love; she who had vainly aspired to be the partaker of titles, wealth, and splendor, flatters herself with enjoying a melancholy satisfaction in Retirement; she thinks to experience in rural solitude a secret pleasure, in being far removed from the snares of the world, and the treacherous arts of designing men.

THE humble mechanic derives his happiness in Retirement, merely from the state of rest and inactivity it promises to afford; a relaxation from manual labour, the peaceable enjoyment of his pipe, and uninterrupted slumber after a hearty meal, are to him the supreme blessings resulting from Retirement.

BUT grant each of them their wish, follow them into their retreat, let the charms of novelty wear off, and then let us ask the scholar where is his elysium? Alas it is fled! the further progress

gress he makes in learning, the more is he convinced of his own ignorance; the more beauties he discovers in nature, the more desirous is he of a companion to partake with him in the enjoyment; he wishes to impart his knowledge, and to remove his doubts. In the midst of solitude he pants again for society.

THE sequestered statesman trembles for his fate; long accustomed to hold the reins of government he dares not trust the skill of others; far removed from the spring of action, he fears that every little shock will overset the state, and in the end involve him in its ruin.

NOR will our fair recluse more happy feel. It is true no rivals now rob her of her felicity, but then she is lost *even to hope*; were she in society, some more discerning youth might still be kindled by her charms; less haughty grown, a thousand suitors, before unheeded, present themselves to her mind, rendering solitude more irksome and disagreeable. Now view our listless mechanic in his arm chair, yawning out the day; enduring more fatigue from indolence than ever he experienced in the toils of business. His plough-boy more happy is than he. Sleepless nights and tedious days, are the only fruits of *his* retirement.

ARE

ARE there then no charms in Retirement? Doubtless there are. But Retirement does not consist in a total seclusion from society; properly understood, it consists only in withdrawing ourselves for a time, from those scenes to which we have long been accustomed; thus the inhabitant of some solitary mansion, quitting his lonely habitation to enjoy for a while the bustle of the metropolis, may, with as much propriety, be said to have retired, as the citizen who exchanges the tumult of the town, for the rural enjoyments of the country. As they have both retired, or withdrawn themselves from those scenes, which were become tedious from their continuity.

THE love of variety is inherent in human nature; and however it may be stigmatised by the appellation of inconstancy or fickleness; if we examine it philosophically, we shall find that like all the other dispensations of Providence, it was implanted in our breasts, for the most salutary purpose, and that it would be impossible for us to be happy in this world without it.

THERE is nothing permanent under the sun, a constant succession of revolutions takes place both in the natural and physical world; were our dispositions not adapted to this principal of change

or revolutions, we should be miserable; were we to be happy but in *one* particular situation (considering the instability of every thing on earth) how momentary would be our enjoyment? let us not therefore condemn as a weakness the love of novelty so conspicuous in human nature, but be thankful to our Creator for having framed our inclinations and desires, in this respect the most conducive to our felicity in the *present* state.

HAPPINESS is confined to no spot, it does not depend upon *external* circumstances, it may alike be enjoyed in the palace as in the cottage, amidst the hurry of the town, as in a more quiet retreat in the country. Unless we govern our tempers, moderate our desires, and calm our passions, it will be in vain to shift the scene; happiness will elude our pursuit. Happiness is centered in the *mind*, let us not therefore pant after the imaginary felicity to be derived from retirement; but let us regulate our conduct by the maxims of prudence, learn to be content with our present, situation, and to enjoy the innocent pleasures which are attached to it; for there are few situations in life, which to a happy disposition, do not afford some moments of enjoyment or satisfaction.

To shew how little true happiness is to be enjoyed in a *retired* life, the following history of *Albinus*,

*Albinus*, lately an eminent tradesman in the city, (written by himself), plainly discovers.

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AFTER being immerst in trade for near *thirty* years, I could imagine to myself no real comfort but in vacant jollity, and uninterrupted leisure; nor entertain my friends with any other topic, than the vexation and uncertainty of business and the happiness of rural privacy.

BUT notwithstanding these declarations, I could not at once reconcile myself to the thoughts of ceasing to get money; and though I was every day enquiring for a purchase, I always found some reason for rejecting all that were offered me; and, indeed, had accumulated so many beauties and conveniencies in my idea of the spot, where I was finally to be happy, that perhaps the whole world might have been travelled over, without discovery of a place, which would not have been defective in *some* particular.

THUS I went on, still talking of retirement, and still refusing to retire; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle any longer with my own inclination: an estate was le ng th purchased; I transferred my stock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter,

ter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a spacious manor.

HERE for some time I found happiness equal to my expectations. I altered the old house according to the advice of the best architects. I threw down the walls of the garden, and inclosed it with pallisades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a green-house with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

THE fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country to see the show. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, shewed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of some, and the envy of others.

I WAS envied; but how can one man judge of the condition of another? The time was now coming, in which affluence and splendor could no longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhausted; I had added one convenience to another, till I knew not what more to wish or design; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and compleated my water-works, and what now remained

mained to be done? what, but to look up to turrets of which when they were once raised I had no farther use, to range over apartments where time was tarnishing the furniture; to stand by the cascade of which I scarcely now perceived the sound; and to watch the growth of woods that must give their shade to a distant generation.

In this gloomy inactivity is every day begun and ended; the happiness that I have been so long procuring is now at an end, because it has been procured*; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myself; I ride out to a neighbouring hill in the centre of my estate, from whence all my lands lie in prospect around me; I see nothing that I have not seen before, and return home disappointed, though I knew I had nothing new to expect.

In my happy days of business I had been accustomed to rise early in the morning; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came so soon, and obliged me for a few hours to shut out business and prosperity. I now seldom see

* Well does an eminent writer say, possession is the grave of enjoyment.

Blair's Sermons.

see the rising sun, but "to tell him," with the fallen angel, "how I hate his beams." I awake from sleep as to langour or imprisonment, and have no employment for the first hour, but to consider by what art I shall rid myself of the second. I protract the breakfast as long as I can, because when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can, with some degree of decency, grow impatient for my dinner. If I could be dining all my life, I should be happy. I eat not because I am hungry, but because I am idle; but, alas! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer; and so ill does my constitution second my inclination, that I cannot bear strong liquors; *seven* hours must then be endured before I shall sup; but supper comes at last, the more welcome, as it is in a short time succeeded by sleep.

SUCH is the happiness, the hope of which seduced me from the duties and pleasures of a *mercantile* life. I shall be told by those who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amusement, and many schemes of useful employment*, which I do not appear ever to have



* I know there are various duties and employments, indispensibly necessary for me to attend to, both for my own, and my fellow-creature's benefit and advantage, while enjoying the serene pleasures of Retirement. RURAL CHRISTIAN.

known; and that nature and art have provided pleasures by which, without the drudgery of settled business, the active may be engaged, the solitary amused, and the social entertained,

THESE arts I have tried. When first I took possession of my estate, in conformity to the taste of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs, and my stable with horses; but a little experience shewed me, that these instruments of rural felicity would afford me few gratifications. I never shot but to miss the mark, and to confess the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could discover no music in the cry of the dogs, nor could divest myself of pity for the animal, whose peaceful and inoffensive life was sacrificed to our sport. I was not, indeed, always at leisure to reflect upon her danger; for my horse, who had been bred to the chace, did not always regard my choice either of speed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own discretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diversion of my brother sportsmen. His eagerness of pursuit once incited him to swim a river; and I had leisure to resolve in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the destruction of a hare.

I THEN ordered *books* to be procured, and, by the direction of the Vicar, had in a few weeks a closet elegantly furnished. You will, perhaps, be surprized when I shall tell you, that when I had ranged them according to their sizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleasures which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myself a curiosity after events which have been long passed, and in which I can, therefore, have no interest: I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demosthenes excelled in oratory; whether Hannibal lost Italy by his own negligence, or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no skill in controversial learning, nor can conceive why so many volumes should have been written upon questions, which I have lived so long and so happily without understanding. I once resolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of justice of the peace, but found them so crabbed and intricate, that in less than a month I desisted in despair, and resolved to supply my deficiencies by paying a competent salary to a skilful clerk.

I AM naturally inclined to hospitality, and for some time kept up a constant intercourse of visits with the neighbouring country gentlemen; but though they were easily brought about me by

better wine than they could find at any other house, I am not relieved by their conversation; for they have no knowledge of *commerce* or the *stocks*, and I do not wish to know the history of families, or the factions of the country; so that I am far from being that happy man I fully expected to be, retired from business, and enjoying a *country* life *.

No one should leave a busy life in haste,
But well consult his genius and his taste;
Some love retirement, others pant for trade,
*These* seek the city, *those* the rural shade †,

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* Without a taste for *reading*, *reflection*, and an inclination to admire the beauties of rural nature, no one can be happy in a sylvian retirement.

RETIRED PLEASURES.

† Each have their charms, but which our genius suits,
*That* is the questions. - - - - - - - - - IBID.

SELECT

# SELECT POEMS,

## *MORAL, ELEGIAC, and DESCRIPTIVE.*

### THE ADVANTAGES OF READING.

OF all the pleasures noble and refin'd,
Which form the taste and elevate the mind,
From climes where Phœbus pours his orient ray,
To the far regions of declining day;
The "Feast of *Reason*" which from *Reading* springs
To reas'ning man the highest solace brings;
For what were all that genius e'er could boast,
If with its first possessor all were lost?
But *Books* preserve the mighty treasure whole,
Increase it, and diffuse from pole to pole.

To these we owe what learning can impart—
All that improves the head, or forms the heart.
The joys of *Sense* are but a moment's prize,
Mocking the grasp, and fading in our eyes;
To Books a greater gift we still must owe,
By them, ourselves and all mankind we know.

Would you attend to solemn truths divine
Where inspiration breathes in every line;
Behold the Scriptures open to your view,
What every christian should *believe* and *do*.

If to the love of deep enquiries given;
Or of *free-will*, and the *degrees* of Heaven,
You wish to argue; Books afford their aid,
And shew the scope of reasoning full display'd;
By which at will you trace the various road
Which Boyle or Newton, Clarke or St. John trod;
Or, with great Locke, at ease you trace the plan
Of that vast labyrinth, the mind of man.

Knowledge of *Healing Arts*—would you attain,
To sooth in sickness, and relieve in pain?
Into the human form if you would pry,
And view that microcosm with curious eye;
*Physic*—*Anatomy* due aid shall lend;—
Read, and your knowledge in each branch extend.

Would you trace *Nature* to her early birth,
And the first seeds that swell'd the teeming earth—
View animation in earth, sea, and air;
Examine trees, plants, flowers, with nicest care;
Or to the starry Heavens and orbs of light
With anxious aim direct your mental sight?
Reading, an ample field for this displays,
From ancient Ptolemy's to Newton's days.

If the mechanic powers you wish to view,
The wheel, the massy lever, or the screw;
With all their various powers at large defined—
*Hydraulics—Hydrostatics—Force of* Wind,
That drives the vessel o'er the foaming main,
With swelling sails, while tempests roar in vain;
Or that long hidden power (more wond'rous far)
That lifts aloft in air the floating car;
Propelling high above the craggy steep,
O'er the wide bosom of the swelling deep;
Attend to Books; by which the curious mind
Full satisfaction in each art will find.

Seek you to trace the annals of each age?
For you fair Hist'ry spreads her faithful page;
Of dreadful wars if you delight to read,
Or glorious actions of the mighty dead;
The lives of sages, prophets, martyrs old,
Monarchs, philosophers, or heroes bold;
Biography and memoirs these contain,
And all you seek will readily explain.

Of *Forms of Government*—Of *Civil Laws*
Would you determine the effects and cause;
Of *Politics* in nations trace the claim,
Of various *Parties* view the end and aim;
The constitution fully understand,
And the fix'd laws which rule your native land;
Instructive volumes—Works of many an age,
May well your best attention oft engage.

*Numbers,*

*Numbers*, which lead to *Mathematic* art,
And demonstration by their rules impart,
All modes which maxims fit for trade supply,
Or give a full commercial history:
Would you the knowledge of these arts pursue,
In Books those useful arts appear to view.

But if you choose such themes of lofty verse
As *Homer* and the *Mantuan* bard rehearse;
Or the Dramatic muse; if you admire,
*Congreve's* sharp wit, or *Shakeſpear's* genial fire,
Read and enjoy the labours of each bard,
And join your plaudit to his great reward.

If you incline to visit various climes,
Trace distant Æras and remotest times:—
By land, by sea, secure you hold your way,
While Books the wonders of each land display.

Should Castles, Genii, and *Love*-tales invite
*Romance* shall court you to supreme delight:
Or if familiar stories please you more,
Unnumber'd *Novels* pour forth all their store.

True solid pleasure Reading can bestow,
Blest source of knowledge in this state below!
Learn to taste bliss when transient joys are fled,
By holding converse with the sacred dead:
And know, howe'er your wealth you lavish spend,
On joys of *Sense*, such joys will quickly end;
But Books a lasting pleasure will supply,
*Please* while you live, and teach you how to *die*.

## THE PARTRIDGES. AN ELEGY.

Written on the 31ſt of AUGUST.

ILL fated birds! for whom I raise the strain,
To tell my lively sorrow for your fates,
You little know, ere morn shall gild the plain,
What drear destruction, all your race awaits.

While innocently basking in the ray
That throws the lengthen'd shadow o'er the lawn,
Unconscious you behold the parting day,
Nor feel a fear to meet the morrow's dawn.

Could man like you thus wait the ills of life,
Nor e'er anticipate misfortune's blow;
He'd shun a complicated load of strife,
Greater than *real* evils can bestow.

E'en now the sportsman, anxious for his fame,
Prepares the tube so fatal to your race;
He pants already for the glorious game,
And mourns the lingering hours' tardy pace.

Raptur'd he'll hie him at the dawn of day,
With treacheous caution tread your haunts around;
Exulting rout his poor defenceless prey,
Then bring the fluttering victims to the ground.

Yes, while he gives the meditated blow,
And sees around the struggling covey bleed;
His iron heart a barbarous joy shall know,
And plume itself upon the bloody deed.

For

For shame! can men who boast a pollish'd mind,
And feelings too, these savage pastimes court;
In such inhuman acts a pleasure find,
And call the cruel desolation sport?

Thousands that graze the fields must daily bleed,
*Necessity* compels—for man they die;
But no excuse necessity can plead,
To kill those harmless tenants of the sky.

By Heaven privileg'd they build the nest,
And take the common bounty nature yields;
No property with vicious force molest,
But pick the refuse of the open fields.

Then why, if God this privilege has given,
Should we pervert great nature's bounteous plan?
For happiness is sure the end of Heaven,
As well to bird and insect as to man.

Like us they move within their narrow sphere,
Each various passion of the mind confess:
And joy and sorrow, love and hope and fear,
Alternate pain them, and alternate bless.

Yes! they can pine in grief—with rapture glow;
Their little hearts to every feeling true,
Like us, conceive affection, and the blow
That kills the offspring, wounds the mother too.

Then bid your breast for nobler pastimes burn,
Let not such cruelty your actions stain;
Humanity should teach mankind to spurn,
Those pleasures purchas'd by another's pain.

AN

## THE HAPPY SWAIN;
## AN ELEGY; IN IMITATION OF HAMMOND.

HOW happy is the rustic peasant's life!
No jarring passions swell his tranquil breast;
Far from the crouded city's noise and strife,
Sound are his slumbers, for his heart's at rest.

Alike in summer's heat, or winter's snow,
Health paints his cheeks with colours all her own;
Alike when sun-beams scorch, or tempests blow,
His sheep are tended, and his fields are sown.

Far from the dazzling joys of pomp and state,
He envies none their still-increasing store;
Nor (hear and blush, ye vain ambitious great)
Fears to be less, or wishes to be more.

He ne'er for guilty, lawless pleasure roves,
But taught by nature, urg'd by choice to wed,
From yonder hamlet calls whom best he loves,
With her he shares his heart, with her his bed.

To gild her worth he asks no wealthy dow'r,
His labour feeds her, while his arm defends;
In youth or age, in pain or pleasure's hour,
The same fond husband, and the best of friends.

And she, the faithful partner of his care,
Soon as the folded flocks have ceas'd to graze,
Soon as still ev'ning clouds the silent air
Awakes the crackling faggot's chearful blaze.

He

He feasts contented on his homely chear,
While round his knees his prattling children play;
And oft with pleas'd attention sits to hear
The little hist'ry of their idle day.

Thence to the chaste tho' homely bed he goes,
Where no base rival e'er was known to stray,
There till the lark disturbs his sound repose,
He unmolested sleeps the night away.

## AN ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

LET others tell triumphant beauty's praise,
Or to high titles dedicate their lays;
Nor wealth, nor beauty, nor the pride of men,
Shall tempt my muse to prostitute her pen.
Who has not sung of rosy cheeks, bright eyes,
And all the charms for which poor Strephon dies?
To wealth, to peers, to ministers of state,
Has been ascrib'd whate'er is good and great;
Each virtue giv'n by some mean parasite,
And all their foibles buried out of sight.

Hence, flattery, hence! to *poverty* I write,
Just be each line my feeble thoughts indite.
Thou art not seated on a throne of power,
Nor dost descend, like Jove, a golden shower;

Thou

Thou canst not whisper in the statesman's ear;
Or gain an audience from a haughty peer;
Yet art exempt from every poignant ill
Which wound the great, and all their pleasures kill;
Thou feel'st no cares which the ambitious know,
Nor dost thou make, nor dost thou dread a foe.
Within thy homely cot, when sunk in sleep,
There need no bolts nor bars thy door to keep?
No midnight plund'rer ransacks there for store;
Thou has conceal'd no bags of glitt'ring ore.
Or if thy humble fate a cot denies,
See how kind nature this defect supplies!
A richer cov'ring far, hangs o'er thy head,
Than that which decks the stately royal bed.
What is to thee a palace or a dome?
The sky's thy canopy, the world thy home;
Coarse is thy food, yet to the palate sweet,
No poison lurks disguis'd beneath thy meat.
Each morsel gives refreshment, life, and health,
Blessings which can't be bought with stores of wealth.
Oft does the miser, counting o'er his bags,
Wish to become the humble man in rags.
Turn, turn, thou sordid wretch! at least *admire*,
If not *relieve*, this man in mean attire.
Poor are his mein, his aspect and address,
But thou within art full of wretchedness;
Care and solicitude thy peace destroy
With covetousness, which damps each social joy.

Yes, poverty! thine is a kinder dart,
Than that which strikes the miser to the heart;
And let the Gay, the Great, the Wealthy know,
Who studiously avoid thee as a foe,
Thou in the grave shalt be as great as they,
And as securely slumber till the judgment day.

## AN EPILOGUE, SPOKEN AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, AFTER A PLAY ACTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SOCIETY, FOR THE RELIEF AND DISCHARGE OF PERSONS IMPRISONED FOR SMALL DEBTS.

The curtain rises, and discovers a Prison; at some distance a Woman poorly habited, and in a disconsolate attitude; after standing for some time motionless, in a posture of fixed attention, she speaks.

WOMAN.

THOU loathsome dungeon, in whose dreary womb
The pining debtor finds a living tomb;
Where, 'midst the clank of chains, and dismal yells
Of shackled felons, my sad husband dwells;
From his dark cell, oh! give him to my view,
Let him look forth, and take a last adieu.

*As she advances towards the prison, a person in a gentleman's apparel accosts her.*

MAN.

MAN.

Stay, child of Sorrow! thou whose piercing groans
Might move to pity e'en these senseless stones;
Why dost thou bend thy melancholy way
To that drear dungeon? Child of Sorrow! stay.

WOMAN.

Why should I stay, or my sad griefs impart?
Can there be pity in a human heart?
Away, and let me die—

MAN.

No; if 'tis *there**
You seek some captive friend, renounce despair;
For though the iron hand of law has barr'd
Those surly doors which yon dread mansion guard,
Know there are found, on whose dilated breasts
The heaven-descended dove of pity rests;
Souls that delight with fost'ring smiles to cheer
The broken heart, and dry affliction's tear;
Pluck the wan debtor from his noisome den,
And launch him on the chearful walks of men.

WOMAN.

If such there be, oh! lead me to their sight,
And let me plead a wretched sufferer's right:
Can there be truth, humanity, or sense,
In laws that make misfortune an offence?
Torn from his famish'd babes, and frantic wife,
A father, husband, there must end his life:



* Pointing to the Prison.

Stretch'd on his straw, the guiltless captive lies,
While round his temples sickly damps arise,
That ev'en the murd'rer's ignominious fate
Were welcome refuge from his hopeless state.
Lost are the hands, whose honest labour fed
His helpless innocents with daily bread;
For day by day the busy loom he ply'd,
With soft contentment singing by his side;
'Till Heav'n flung out the signal to destroy,
And dropt its curtain o'er the scene of joy.
Nine tedious weeks the lanquid patient lay,
To dire disease an unresisting prey;
The tenth succeeded—when, alas! behold
A worse tormenter in a human mould,
A griping creditor! escape who can,
When man's great foe assumes the shape of man?
Steel'd to their trade, and deaf to all their cries,
Relentless ruffians seizė their legal prize;
From my fond arms a dying husband tear,
And plunge their victim in a dungeon—*there*.

MAN.

ENOUGH! go speak the healing words of peace
To thy sad mate, and bear him this release;*
Tell him the Muse, which on these scenes attends,
That balsam to his wounded spirit sends:
And know this truth thyself, 'Tis not alone
The preacher's pulpit, and the monarch's throne,
That

* Giving her a Purse of Money.

That Charity frequents; but in this age
She guides the Theatre, and treads the Stage:
Lo! she is present, cast your eyes around,
And here in each spectator's heart she's found.

## ELEGIAC THOUGHTS, WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF WINCHELSEA-CASTLE, NEAR RYE, IN SUSSEX.

DUN-vested evening brings in low'ring night,
Damp exhalations creep along the dale;
The bat, deserted, wheels his lonesome flight,
And Melancholy sighs in ev'ry gale.

Within this spot, where obscene birds of night
Nestle full oft, and screech, alternate round,
Soft music floated once, whilst with delight,
The distant sailors caught the dying sound.

No more the warlike drum sounds o'er these plains,
Nor the shrill trumpet pierce the ambient air;
Where stood the centinel, now silence reigns,
And Desolation murmurs, 'Who comes there?'

Declining Commerce now, methinks, I see
In tears, reclin'd against the time-shook wall;
Com'st thou, O Youth, she cries, to pity me?
Com'st thou to mourn, or to withstand my fall?

Perhaps, in ancient times, when Rother's flood,
Roll'd swift and dreadful by those ruins wild,
Upon this very ſpot some parent stood,
And wept with joy, to see his long-lost child.

Or when the ship, by swelling canvas prest,
(Which parted lovers) faded on the view,
Here dropt the tender tear, here heav'd the breast,
Here wav'd the hand that gave the last adieu.

In days of yore, when first these walls arose,
Full many a tender pair, from yonder town,
Have joyful tripp'd this way at ev'ning's close,
And on the river's verdant bank sat down.

Conversing tender on their future weal,
Whilst the lov'd offspring kiss'd the heaving breast,
The tear maternal down the cheek would steal,
Like thine, Eliza, when misfortune prest.

Yon grove*, deserted, ruinous, and wild,
Whose brown-top bends beneath the ev'ning breeze,
Is still the nurse of Fancy's airy child,
And seems to whisper how it once could please.

Imagination paints the flow'ry bed,
The stream below, the shady bow'r above;
Where some fond youth reclin'd his pensive head,
And spent the hours between the Muse and Love.

His

* Castle-Garden.

His shade, methinks, now stalks majestic by,
Behold it glides beneath yon mould'ring wall;
His hand he waves, lo! now he seems to sigh,
And thus imagination hears him call:

'Dear youth, whose lonely feet those ruins tread,
Whose down-cast eye lets fall the gen'rous tear,
Regard not transient life, which soon is fled;
Reflect on Heav'n and all the glories there.

Blessings supreme, beyond the reach of thought,
Attend the man who often thinks on death;*
Whose ev'ry deed is oft to judgement brought
By faithful Conscience, e're he yields his breath.

'Reflection cease,'—methinks some voice replies,
'I solemn thoughts and groaning numbers hate;
'Forsaken walls and ruins I despise;
'Lead me to banquetings and rooms of state.'

To balls and banquets unmolested stray,
Let me in peace my wayward path pursue;
In viewing these I see my own decay;
If walls thus perish—I must perish too.

Struck by this thought, Reflection sallies forth
Thro' ev'ry path of life she trod before,
Weighs ev'ry action, views its spring and growth,
And what twill yield, when time shall be no more.

VERSES

* They fear Death *least*, who think upon him *most*.
Night Thoughts.

Mrs. Sheridan on her Brother Lindley —

## VERSES WRITTEN BY A LADY, ON THE SIGHT OF HER BROTHER'S VIOLIN, AFTER HIS DEATH.

SWEET instrument of him for whom I mourn,
Tuneful companion of my Theron's hours;
How art thou now, neglected and forlorn!
What skilful hand shall henceforth wake thy pow'rs?

Ah! none like his can teach those liquid notes,
So soft, so sad, so eloquently clear,
To live beyond the touch, and gently float
In dying undulations on the ear.

Thus o'er my Theron's lyre, as I complain'd,
And kiss'd the strings which he was wont to play,
While yet in pensive sadness I remain'd,
Methought it sigh'd, and sighing seem'd to say—

"Ah! me forlorn!—forsaken!—now no more
Shall fame and just applause around me wait;
No pow'r my gentle master can restore;
And I alone shall share his hapless fate.

Fled is that spirit, chill'd that youthful fire,
Which taught those strains with harmony replete;
And cold that hand which only could inspire
My senseless form to utter strains so sweet:

These

Those sounds melodious ne'er again shall please,
No tuneful strains from me shall ever flow,
Save o'er my trembling strings a sighing breeze
Should call one soft, sad note of tender woe.

Else, oh! for ever mute let me remain,
Untun'd, unstrung, forgotten let me lie;
Guard me from envious eyes and touch profane,
And let me rest in mournful sympathy.

One fate with thee, dear master, let me share,
Like thee in silent darkness let me lie;
My fame without thee is not worth my care,
With thee alone it liv'd, with thee shall die."

## AN ODE TO PITY.

HAIL lovely pow'r! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress;
Whose tears spontaneous chrystalize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the pow'r to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flow'ry meads can with that sigh compare;
Not dew-drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,
Seem half so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy guiltless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely pow'r! and range the meads with me,
To spring the partridge from the cruel foe;
From strength'ning snares the struggling bird to free,
Or stop the hand prepar'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
While nature droops beneath the conquering gleam;
Let us, slow wand'ring where the current flows,
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks, thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in real friendship's griefs to share,
And justly boast the generous, feeling heart.

Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage;
To misery's moving cry to yield relief,
And be the sure support of drooping age.

So, when the genial spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

## AN ELEGY ON THE LATE T. HANMER, BART. BY DR. JOHNSON.

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at this tomb where Hanmer's ashes lie;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourns't his end.
His force of genius burnt in early youth,
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.
Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade;
In life's first bloom his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the *senator* and *man*.

IN business dex'trous, weighty in debate,
Thrice *ten* long years he labour'd for the state;
In ev'ry speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In ev'ry act refulgent virtue glow'd;
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.
Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
Who hail'd him *Speaker* with united voice.

Illustrious

Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
When Hanmer fill'd the chair—and Anne the
throne!
Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
The Moderator firmly mild appear'd——
Beheld with love—with veneration heard.

This task perform'd—he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;
He ne'er from virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure or of pride.
Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,
And Fame pursu'd him where Conviction led.
Age call'd at length, his active mind to rest,
With honour sated, and with cares opprest;
To letter'd ease retir'd and harmless mirth,
To rural calmness and domestic worth.

DELIGHTED still to please mankind, or *mend*,
The patriot's fire still sparkl'd in the friend;
Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
And virtuous sorrow dignified his tomb.

## AN IRREGULAR ODE TO CHEARFULNESS.

### I.

THE smiling May in chearful green
And all her flow'ry pride is seen;
The verdant trees the plains adorn,
And warbling birds salute the morn.
Around the sportive lambkins play,
And nymphs and swains are blithe and gay.
The glittering spire reflects the solar beam,
And lightly dances in the silver stream;
While Damon with his pipe beneath the shade,
With merry notes enlivens hill and glade.

### II.

Come ye nymphs of jocund mien,
Come and crown the happy scene;
Melancholy hence away,
Mirth advance and all be gay;
No more let care invade the mind,
Banish sorrow far behind.
Tho' tears awhile may for lost friendship flow,
Yet nature don't require *perpetual* woe;
Reason denies—what erring bigots say,
To pine and sigh—and drive kind mirth away.

III.

Mirth, but not of meaner sort,
Rude and vain indecent sport;
But chearful, social, friendly, kind,
Such as may improve the mind*;
Where health and temperance may join,
And virtue own the soft design.
Where music's kind enlivening aid
May call you from the gloomy shade,
And with the innocent, yet happy throng,
With ruddy face trip merrily along.

IV.

From the morning to the night,
Fill my soul with pure delight;
Ever happy, ever free,
And innocent, ah! let me be,
That when nature shall decline,
Calmly I may all resign;
The latter end of life serenely view,
And bid my friends with chearfulness adieu:
Extend my hopes to those blest realms above,
Where all is peace, felicity, and love.

---

* *Be merry and wise* is a maxim worthy universal regard.

## THE FIRE-SIDE. BY MR. COTTON.

I.

DEAR Chloe, whilst the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs:
No noisy trifler enters there,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

III.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts that jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam.—
The world has nothing to bestow—
From our *ownselves*, our joys must flow,
And that dear hut,—our *home**.



* *Home is home be it never so homely.*

IV.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat the ark;
Giving the vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird, once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

V.

Let fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the virtuous and the good
A paradise below.

VI.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring:
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring,
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll form their minds with studious care
To all that's manly, just, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

VII.

Whilst thus our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;

They'll

They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And then our fondest loves repay,
And recompence our cares.

VIII.

No *borrow'd* joys!—they're all our own,
Whilst to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot!
Monarchs, we envy not your state:
But look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

IX.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need?
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies;—
To want no more, than may suffice,
And make that little do.

X.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For tho' our stock be very small,
In prudence we enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

XI.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,

And pleas'd with favours giv'n;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part!
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

XII.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter's life is seldom sweet;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table, we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

XIII.

Thus hand in hand, thro' life we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious foot steps tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a tremble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

XIV.

Whilst conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And chear our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

## ON A YOUNG LADY, WHO DIED SOON AFTER SHE LEFT THE COUNTRY. A PASTORAL ELEGY.

HOW bless'd the day when on yon verdant hill,
With Sylvia I have talk'd the hours away;
Or by the verge of yonder murm'ring rill,
We've sat to view the tender lambkins play.

While down the dale the winding riv'let flow'd,
The tuneful thrush sweet warbled thro' the grove;
And every bird that sung, or flow'r that blow'd,
United to inspire the soul with love.

Of all the nymphs that cull'd the flow'ry plain,
To deck a garland for the vernal tree;
Of all the nymphs that tun'd the vocal strain,
None ever was so fair, so sweet as she.

Upon her cheek the blushing roses bloom'd,
Mirth and good-humour sparkled in her eye;
Aurora ne'er a lovelier form assum'd,
When with her gold she ting'd th' eastern sky.

Did she the minuet's easy figure trace;
Did she with shepherds on the verdant green
Lead on the rural dance's winding maze;
Her air how lovely! and how sweet her mein!

But ah! what grief attends the mournful tale!
She not content to breath her native air,

Nor

Nor walk with shepherd swains along the dale,
Would fain to town, and courtly scenes repair.

To town she sped, and left the breezy plain,
Where rosy health on ev'ry gale is borne;
And left behind, her ever faithful swain,
To tend his lambkins in the vale forlorn.

But when she ceas'd to breathe the rural air,
Upon her cheek the roses ceas'd to bloom;
A dire consumption seiz'd the lovely fair,
And soon consign'd her to the mournful tomb.

How chang'd is now the scene! the love-long day,
My drooping flocks her absence seem to mourn;
And as they bleat, methinks I hear them say,
Is Sylvia gone? Oh? will she ne'er return?

Ah! no my flocks! you ne'er will see her more—
O cruel fate! too hard for me to bear;—
Ye gentle shepherds all, her loss deplore,
While I'm a slave to sorrow and despair.

## THE BENEFITS ATTENDING HOPE THRO' LIFE.

BY thee inspir'd, a hardy train
Advent'rous plough the foaming main,
And all its storms defy;
Thro' thy perspective glass they view
The golden treasures of Peru
Their own, in Fancy's eye.

At thy command the furrow'd field,
The barren glebe, rich treasures yield,
And lonely deserts smile;
Each lab'ring peasant, charm'd by thee,
Increasing golden crops can see,
To recompense his toil.

Enwrapt in winter's frozen arms,
When cold Aquarius opes in storms
His northern magazines;
By thee his rude assaults we bear,
And see advancing Spring appear
In all her flow'ry scenes.

Thou, like the day's refulgent Lord,
Thy genial comfort dost afford,
Impartial, to the throng;
From nights of woe to mid-day blaze,
Affliction's sons thy beam can raise,
And sighs convert to song.

And thus, when conflicts wound the soul,
When sorrow's waves tempestuous roll,
And blending ills annoy;
Upheld by thee, we smile at fate,
And see a more auspicious date
That rouses us to joy.

Life, in its most exalted sphere,
Unblest by thee, is empty air,
A bubble all, at best;

For,

For, when the busy strife is o'er,
Hope lifts us to a farther shore,
To an eternal rest.

By thee we more divinely spring
Than on Imagination's wing,
Or Fancy's airy car;
High o'er etherial fields we rove.
And trace the glorious realms above,
Where Heaven's bright legions are!

Through ev'ry age thy friendly ray
Has still illumin'd all the way
Where peace and Virtue trod;
The Great First Cause of all Things known,
By Thee has pointed to his throne
Where bliss proclaims the God!

Then, let me ever bend to thee,
Kind pledge of Immortality!
While on life's ocean tost,
Oh! guide me to the happy shore
Where I shall want thine aid no more,
In full *fruition* lost.

## WINTER. AN ODE.

YE flow'ry tufted plains, adieu!
Adieu, ye verdant shades!
No more your pleasing charms we view,
Your blooming beauty fades.

No more the swains, with rustic mirth,
Sport on the smiling plain:
For Winter o'er the weeping earth,
Extends his wide domain.

No chearful songsters of the grove,
Perch'd on the leafy spray,
To harmless joy, or gentle love,
Attune the warbling lay.

See hoary frost and feather'd snow,
Bestrew the whiten'd ground;
And murm'ring riv'lets cease to flow,
With icy fetters bound.

Big clouds in furious war engage;
The madd'ning tempest roars:
The foaming ocean vents its rage
On Britain's sounding shores.

The naked trees no verdure wear,
Their blooming honours die:
Nor dares th' aspiring flow'r appear,
To brave the stormy sky.

No more our chearful hearts rejoice
In Autumn's gentle sway:
For nature shrinks at Winter's voice,
And all her charms decay.

Thus, Sylvia, all thy youthful charms,
Grim death ere long will shade;
Thus, clasp'd within his icy arms,
Each beauteous grace shall fade.

Nature again, with verdure crown'd,
Shall hail the breathing Spring:
Again the hills with joy shall sound,
The laughing valleys sing.

But youth no kind return can know;
The pleasing prospects o'er:
Thus from the fount smooth riv'lets flow,
And wander back no more.

Haste then, those fleeting hours employ,
Which thou canst ne'er regain,
In *virtue's* paths, where purest joy,
And bliss unsullied reign.

F I N I S.